

The Carmel Pine Cone

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For the People of the Monterey Peninsula and Their
Friends Throughout the World

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Kit Whitman Announces Art and Crafts Classes

Response to the announcement by Kit Whitman that classes in arts and crafts under the tutelage of Carmel's leading instructors would soon start was extremely gratifying. Last Monday 25 gathered at her home to discuss formation of classes, with the result that on Tuesday at 9 a. m. a class of 11 students will study life painting under the direction of Armin Hansen.

The class will meet in the studio at the Seven Arts Court.

As soon as there is sufficient demand on the part of prospective students, other classes in other phases of arts and crafts will be formed. These, like the class taught by Armin Hansen, will be instructed by local artists who have achieved national repute.

It is expected that before long there will be instruction in etching, watercolor painting, sculpture, pottery making and floral arrangement available.

Boy Bitten by Dog

The son of Dr. Hamilton, Berkeley dentist, was bitten Wednesday while playing on the beach by a dog owned by Mrs. M. C. Wade, Jr., of Carmel and Berkeley.

The boy was sent home after being treated by Dr. John R. Gray in order to take no chances.

Water Hearings Held at Carmel Highlands

Commissioner Wakefield and other members of the staff of the State Railway Commission are having hearings at the Highlands to determine whether or not the present system of water supply should become a public utility.

Between 50 and 60 interested parties are in session on this question and it is expected the hearings will continue for several days.

The present water supply is owned and operated by the Carmel Development Company.

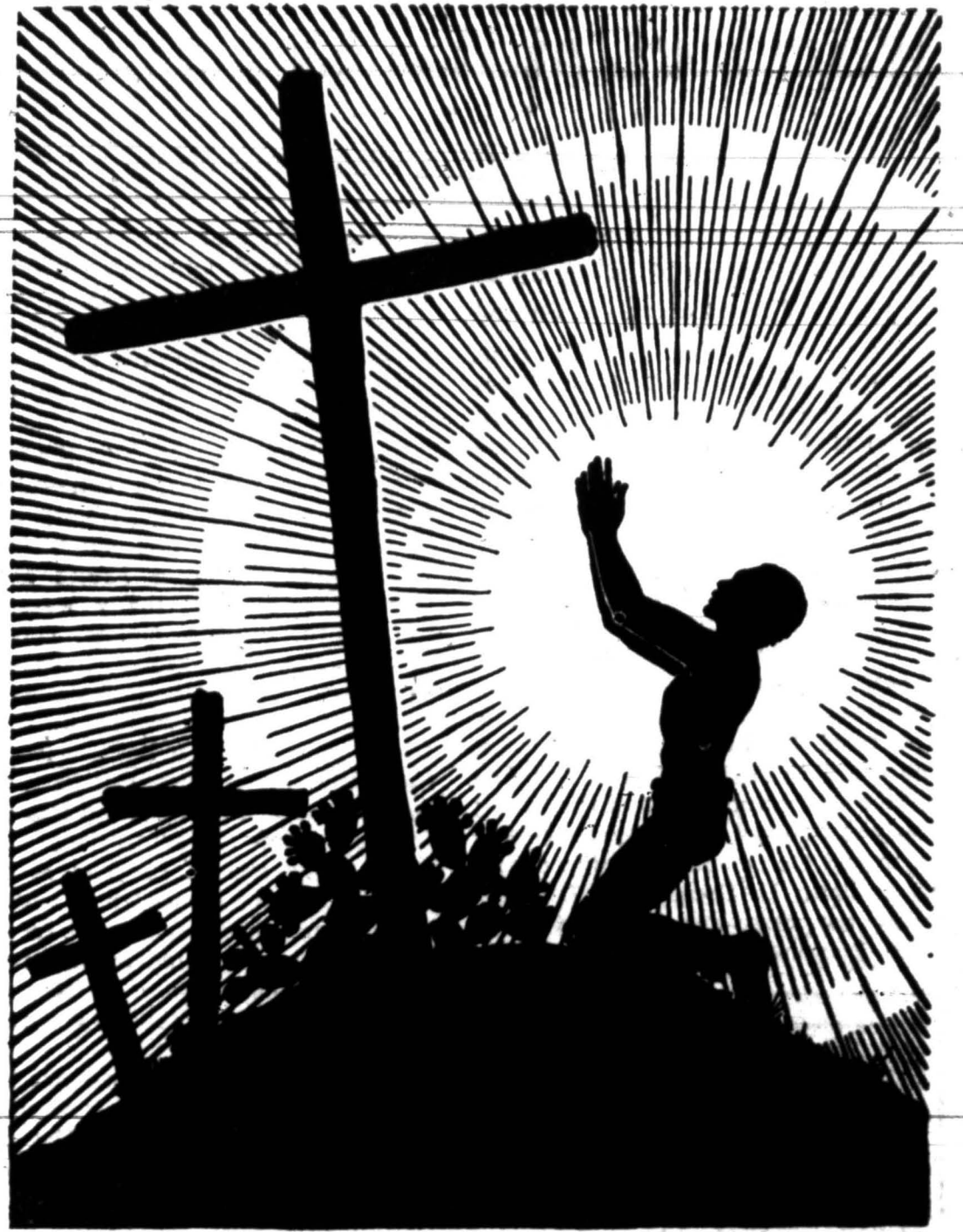
Dr. Albert E. Hodgkins is chairman of the committee representing the water consumers of the Highlands.

CARS ROBBED

A new outbreak of thefts from parked cars has occurred in Carmel. If you must park your car on the street, please see to it that it is locked.

MOVIE STAR HERE

Jack Oakie, movie comic, was in Carmel several days last week-end. He was glimpsed enjoying himself at the local theater, and dancing at Del Monte.



AN EASTER CUT - - - by Don Blanding
Taken from "The Rest of the Road".

— Winners —

Campbell, Bechdolt and Heron Elected To Council

The voters of Carmel have chosen and three new men take their seats in the city council next Monday. The three are Herbert Heron, Gordon Campbell and Frederick Bechdolt.

In one of the quietest elections that Carmel has seen, yet one in which the voters turned out well (773 voters cast their ballots), those three, running on a single ticket, were overwhelmingly chosen.

In this election the voters have reverted to the things that Carmel has almost consistently stood for. They made their choice on the premises that the three men they elected would preserve the traditions of Carmel, and serve its residents accordingly. One man, Bechdolt, is a writer of national repute, a participant in one of the arts that has made Carmel what it is. Another, Campbell, was born and raised here, imbued with the spirit of the village which has never left his sight. Bert Heron, the poet, in fact the original Irish poet of Jack London's "Valley of the Moon", is also highly representative of Carmel. He has already served once before as councilman and mayor of this city.

And so the voters of Carmel chose. They selected a "ticket" that promised them a return to the traditional aspects of Carmel, the Village. They felt that for too long we have been governed by a body of men whose sole interests were in the fields of business, and they wanted a return to a government by men friendly to the arts.

All three men, when questioned by The Pine Cone, wished to express their thanks, not only to those who supported them at the polls, but to those who campaigned actively for them. They were united in repeating the promises as they previously outlined in their joint campaign platform.

In particular, Gordon Campbell said that they would not only hold fast to the letter and spirit of their joint platform, but would endeavor to work in harmony with the continuing members of the city council.

Frederick Bechdolt said much the same thing, adding that he thought that the vast majority that swept

RESULTS BY PRECINCTS

	(a)	(b)	Tot.
Heron	182	347	529
Campbell	197	315	512
Bechdolt	169	291	460
Rowntree	88	159	247
Taylor	82	92	174
Aldrich	76	92	168

(a) Firehouse; (b) Carmel Garage

the "ticket" into the lead was an expression on the part of the voters who "resented the present policy of the city council in doing public business secretly."

Bert Heron added that he stood ready to work with the continuing members of the city council for the good of Carmel.

We said last week there was little indication of interest on the part of Carmelites in this election, but we were wrong. There was plenty of interest as the number of voters who went to the polls will show. There were no disturbances or demonstrations, but there were crowds, orderly crowds, gathered around the precinct stations as the ballots were being counted.

It was thought that "plumping" would affect the outcome of the election in swinging the count over to one man. There was plumping, it is true, but comparatively little, and in the face of the overwhelming vote for the "ticket" it had little effect. A recapitulation of the votes cast showed only a little over 70 votes for only one candidate. Many of those who voted for one of the defeated candidates included one or two votes for those who won.

We of The Pine Cone wish to add our statement to that of the newly-elected councilmen in saying to the voters of Carmel—"Thank you, you have chosen well."

Dance Postponed

Because of the many other attractions on at the same time, the dinner dance at the Mission Ranch Club has been postponed, was the word received late yesterday from David Eldridge, club manager.

Come to Church Easter

Carmel Mission

EASTER

By

REV. MICHAEL D. O'CONNELL

Easter (A. S. Eastre, from Eostre, Teutonic goddess of dawn and spring) is the feast commemorating the resurrection of Christ from the dead. Among Germanic nations after the introduction of Christianity the name Easter, denoting spring, was retained to designate the festival of the Resurrection.

The following services will be held at Carmel Mission:

GOOD FRIDAY—Mass of The Pre-sanctified at 8 o'clock, followed by veneration of the Cross.

Three Hours, conducted by Frs. O'Connell, McDonnell, Santi, Higgins, and a Franciscan Padre. As a very fitting climax to this beautiful devotion the Corpus will be taken from the cross as was customary in the mission days and borne to a side chapel. A group of the Holy Name men will act as pallbearers. Mr. Noel Sullivan and a group of select male singers will chant the Seven Last Words.

7:30—Stations of the Cross.

HOLY SATURDAY—Mass at 8:00 o'clock—the customary blessing of the Pascal Fire—the Baptismal water precedes the Mass.

Confessions from 2 to 6 o'clock; 7 to 9 o'clock.

EASTER SUNDAY—Low Mass at 7 o'clock and 9 o'clock. Fr. Clement Higgins will sing his first solemn High Mass at 11 o'clock. Many visiting priests will be present. Mr. Noel Sullivan and a male choir will sing the Mass. Fr. Higgins will give his priestly blessing after the Mass.

Community Church

Easter at the Community Church will be observed in two worship services on Sunday morning. The pastor will speak briefly at both services. Mrs. Emma Evans, local piano instructor and accompanist, will preside at the piano at both services. Following is the program of special music:

JUNIOR CHURCH 9:30 (Parents and friends are invited to this service). Piano Prelude: "Contemplation" (Mildred Adair) — Barbara Bodley. Hymn: "Christ the Lord is Risen Today". Anthem: "Let the Merry Church Bells Ring" (Hodges) — Junior Choir of 15 voices. Two songs: "It's Easter Time"—Beginners Class; "Sleep, Little Seed"—Carol Graham, Shirley Smith, Betty Bodley. Reading of the Scripture—Laura Lee Koepf. Prayer. Anthem: "Leave It With Him" (Ellis-Wallis)—Junior Choir. Piano Offertory: "Consolation" (Mendelssohn) Norma Shotwell. Two songs: "God Is Love", "On Easter Morn"—Primary Department. Children's talk by the Pastor. The Floral Offering—the entire school.

MORNING WORSHIP SERVICE at 11 o'clock. Violin Prelude: Praise Song from "De Meistersinger"—Valona Brewer. Hymn: "The Strife Is O'er" (Palestrina)—the Choir. Call to Worship. Hymn by the Congregation. Anthem: "This Is the Day" (Schnecker). Prayer in Unison. Soprano solo: "The Lord's Prayer"—Edith Anderson. Girls' choir: "An Easter Hymn" (Chester) — Misses Mary Elizabeth Buechler, Norma Shotwell, Doris Evans, Laurel Bixler, Fordre Fratles. The Scripture Story. Girls' choir: "Morn's Roseate Hues" (Anon). A welcome to visitors. Of-

All Saints Church

My wish for you this Easter morning is that you may awaken with a gladness in your heart, which comes to you through the determination, created during Lent, that this Easter Day will be the beginning of a new year which will more than ever be built upon the life of Christ.

C. J. HULSEWÉ
Rector.

This afternoon—GOOD FRIDAY—12:30-3:00 p. m.—Three-Hour Service with Meditation on the Seven Words on the Cross.

EASTER EVE, 5:00 p. m.—Children's Service.

EASTER DAY, 7:00 a. m.—Holy Communion.

8:00 a. m.—Holy Communion.

9:30 a. m.—Choral Holy Communion with sermon.

Anthem: Barnby's "Awake Up My Glory".

11:00 a. m.—Morning prayer with sermon.

Anthem: Barnby's "Awake Up My Glory".

The 11 a. m. service will be followed by the Holy Communion.

fertory anthem: "Hosanna" (Granier)—the Choir. Sermon meditation: "The Change That Came With Easter". Girls' choir: "The Heavens Are Declaring" (Beethoven). Reception of members. Hymn. Benediction. Postlude: (Selected)—Valona Brewer, Leon Young, Veva Harber, with Emma Evans at the piano.

Mrs. Mora Brooks and her daughter are spending Easter Week at her cottage "Sheltering Pines".

Warriors Make Ready

We'll Soon See Politicians In Action

THE gathering of the clan—or rather of many clans—is under way. There's blood on the moon and battle in the making. For this year, the governor who shall rule California for the four years to come, must be elected. And preliminaries are nearing an end. Platforms are being drafted. Campaign committees are being formed. The warriors are making ready!

Subject to a few last-minute changes, the lineup of contenders can now be fairly accurately predicted, though it may be many months before their strength can be correctly appraised. In the Democratic camps, there are Culbert L. Olson, Los Angeles senator and leader of the Epics; Herbert C. Legg, Los Angeles supervisor and Roosevelt campaign chairman; John B. Dockweiler, Los Angeles congressman; Dan Murphy, San Francisco sheriff and veteran

champion of labor, and William H. ("I'll-Sue-For-A-Million") Neblett, erstwhile law partner of U. S. Senator William Gibbs McAdoo. Not yet announced, but oiling his musket, is J. F. T. O'Connor, former comptroller of the currency.

The Republican fold, with the field narrowed to two major contenders, promises a spectacular primary battle that will make political history. Challenging Governor Frank Merriam, a veteran of many wars, is Lieutenant Governor George J. Hatfield, aggressive, popular, hard-hitting leader of the Republican liberals. Both men, according to their friends, plan a clean fight—with no hitting in the clinches. But both are determined to win. Merriam has the administration organization, the larger "war chest". Hatfield is the more aggressive campaigner, with a host of personal friends and a record of having run a hundred thousand votes ahead of Merriam as the party's nominee for lieutenant governor in 1934.

Gathering on the sidelines are the king-makers—California's men of politics, choosing sides for the big bout of 1938. All in all, it looks like a real, go-getting brannigan. And may the best man win!

HELPS FLOOD SUFFERERS

Mrs. Margaret Grant last Friday afternoon in her benefit talk for the Firebaugh flood sufferers who had previously been the victims of dust bowl conditions, chose a definitely uncheerful subject, that of early English prison horrors. However, she drew an impressive picture of Elizabeth Fry that will long be remembered by her audience.

Still further donations of clothing or money for the same purpose will be welcomed by Mrs. Grant.

BRIDGE SECTION MEETS

The Bridge Section of the Carmel Woman's Club met at Pine Inn last Monday afternoon. At the end of the scheduled two hours of play, which is all too short for the bridge fan, the members and their guests enjoyed tea.

Neighbors of World Subject of Her Talk

Chairman Mrs. Willis G. White found it necessary to provide the program herself for the Current Events Section of the Carmel Woman's Club last Wednesday morning, after repeated disappointments in search of a speaker.

"I'll just give a heart-to-heart talk," was her beginning. "First we'll take up Mexico. I have always been interested in Mexico because she is a next-door neighbor, I suppose." She mentioned the lowering of tariff in the country as being a blow to Secretary Cordell Hull, the reaction following the expropriation of oil lands owned by foreigners, chiefly Scandinavians, Britons and Americans, presenting a dilemma to the Mexican government, depreciation of the peso, Mexican inexperience in marketing oil and lack of capital necessary to conduct the industry.

She barely touched the Austro-Germany situation, quoting from the self-sufficiency of the conquering nation, "Our critics are morbid, degenerate, democratic intellectuals. They are dead, unable to act." She gave figures on the increase of suicide among Jews and arrests mounting high. Referring also to the continuance of the Russian purge, she grew eloquent about our own freedom of speech and maintenance of our constitution.

She quoted from Ernest Hemingway's experience as correspondent in Spain, describing the loss of some

300 out of 450 American boys fighting with the Loyalists, the retreating peasants, the woman with a day-old baby in her arms, mounted on a mule and endeavoring to keep thick dust out of the face of the newborn by drawing the shawl closer.

She also touched on Japan and the Japanese, that having been the subject chosen by Mrs. Grace Woodruff who was to have been the speaker of the day. A real, personal interest in this race had its inception with Mrs. White 30 years ago, she said, when she came first to Carmel where Japanese labor was the only available labor. As the boys did not speak English, she instituted lessons for them which were continued in classes conducted by the Presbyterian church afterward. From personal experiences through travel in Japan she related pleasing impressions.

Mrs. White, being internationally minded, gives the effect of having ability to find something admirable in any country in which she should set her foot or decide to study.

The Current Events program of April 27 will be presented by Mrs. Lawrence Knox, who will speak on "Propaganda."

DELEGATES OF LEAGUE LEAVE FOR ST. LOUIS

A motor party of members of the League of Women Voters plans to leave next Monday to attend the national convention of the organization in St. Louis. There will be Miss Orre Haseltine of Carmel Valley, Mrs. Russell Scott and Mrs. T. G. Emmons of Salinas and Miss Elizabeth, state executive secretary. Mrs. Carl Voss, the league's state president, will also attend, traveling by train. Miss Lydia G. Weld, local league president, who intended joining the party, has been prevented by unavoidable circumstances.

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Veal Loaf
Turkey Loaf
Head Cheese

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29c

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Initiate New Members

Initiation of new members took place Tuesday evening at the regular monthly meeting of the Carmel Unit of the American Legion Auxiliary in Legion Hall. Mrs. Helen Storm, past district president, with her degree team, effected the initiation.

Mrs. Frances Price, district president from San Jose, was guest speaker, her subject being, "Aims and Purposes of the American Legion". Other guests were present from Salinas, Watsonville and Monterey. Sixty auxiliary members attended. Mrs. Gladys Johnston presided and succeeded in making the affair memorable. After the meeting supper was served in the club lounge.

The names of the new members follow: Mrs. Frank P. Topping, Mrs. June Delight Canoles, Mrs. J. H. McCarthy, Mrs. Conrad Imelman, Miss Anna Clark, Mrs. Peter Elliott, Mrs. Frank L. Thompson, and Mrs. Shelburn Robison.

Players to Make Plans

Members of the Carmel Players will meet next Monday at 8 p. m. in a general session devoted to reorganization plans of the group.

During the meeting they will discuss and choose a few short plays which they plan to present during the summer season.

All members of the group are urged to attend the session which will be held in the Green Room, just back of the Filmarte theater.

OVER CARMEL COFFEE CUPS

This is the story an old timer from Hawaii told:

You remember the time away back in 1898 when Hawaii became a part of the United States: well, some time after, Hawaii was given a legislature of its own to govern itself within certain limitations.

Among the first elected legislators was a fine old Hawaiian. His name was Kaneakami (pronounced Canny-aka-my) which means "The wise one" or "The smart man."

He served his term on the legislature and was up for re-election. At the polls he rolled up a hefty majority over his opponents: why? Because he stood on his own unblemished record of never having introduced a bill.

At the end of the story eyes were turned on two politicians at the table, but their expressions at the moment were opportunely concealed by their coffee cups.

SADÉ

Says:

"PLEASE LET ME THANK
EVERY ONE FOR THE
WONDERFUL RECEPTION
GIVEN THE OPENING OF
MY NEW RESTAURANT
AND BAR LAST WEEK.

IT WAS GRAND! I'LL DO
MY BEST TO LIVE UP TO
YOUR FRIENDSHIP . . ."
(Signed) SADÉ



Ocean Avenue
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and Monte Verde

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879
Carmel

Stainer's 'The Crucifixion' Good Friday, at the Grove

The last rehearsal for "The Crucifixion" has been held, and the director, Fenton P. Foster, is well pleased with the way the 65 singers have learned to render the music. This beautiful oratorio of John Stainer's is particularly appropriate for Good Friday, the night upon which it will be sung in the Methodist church at Pacific Grove.

Thanks to the able assistance of Mr. Frank A. Young, director of Music at Monterey high school, the orchestra of 15 is accompanying both the soloists and chorus excellently; and Carol Moore Turner, the organist, is capable and faithful, as always.

The principal parts are to be sung by the following:

Rev. Homer S. Bodley, Jr., tenor; Mrs. Paul L. Hicks, soprano; Mrs. Charles W. Easterbrook, contralto;

Mr. Bert Fallows, baritone; Mr. William E. Gould, bass.

The oratorio will be preceded by "Open the Gates of the Temple", by Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp; "Hosanna", by Jules Grenier; and "There Is a Green Hill", by Gounod, sung respectively by Mr. Fallows, Mrs. Hicks and Mr. Bodley.

Every one is invited to hear this concert on Good Friday night, at 8 p. m., in Methodist church, Pacific Grove. The composition is simple but beautiful and very touching, and lovers of fine sacred music will want to attend. There will be no admission fee, but a silver offering will be accepted to help defray the expenses, and for other charitable purposes.

Reader's Reactions

Editor, Carmel Pine Cone:

Will you consider something from an old resident in re the transient childplay problem? We residents have willingly paid taxes to make the dunes, the little park and other places available for children. And surely, with the wide stretch of beach additional, there is no excuse for children invading private property. Carmel boys and girls seldom do so; but the progeny of transients are often turned loose on the community to roam at will. If, in addition to Scout and Cub masters, we had some person or place where we could advise transients to send their children when they wanted to get a vacation from them, as usually they do when here, a little money might be earned by those willing to supervise young strangers.

—OLD CARMELITE.

IT'S A YOUNGSTERS' TOWN—THIS CARMEL OF OURS!

We Check Up on Youth's Opportunities Here

Opportunities for the young? Certainly!

Where else can you find a town that gives better opportunity for its young people to find employment, and with such a large number going into business for themselves?

The Pine Cone has conducted an investigation of the situation and answers with figures and corroborative names the plaint of a number that we must bring the state capital to Monterey to give an opportunity for Carmel's youth to find jobs at home.

The result of this investigation is illuminating. We are listing the findings: over 140 persons 30 years old or under are employed in local enterprises. Over 36 persons 35 years or under own their own business or are managers, and of these, 30 of them are under 30 years old. These figures do not include resident youth of Carmel who are employed or own businesses elsewhere on the Peninsula, nor does it include those who are employed in homes.

This list might well have been added to if more time had been available.

Opportunities for youth?

Certainly! We offer in evidence: Persons 35 years or under who own their own business or are managers: Total 36:

Harold Nielsen, owner of Nielsen Bros. Grocery
L. P. Lawlor, owner of El Fumador
Henry C. Overin, manager of La Ribera hotel
D. D. Huffman, manager of Telegraph Company in Carmel
J. H. Hallett, owner of Hallett's Grocery

R. Garrett, owner of Vining's Meat Market

Kenneth Gould, owner of Carmel Cleaners

Walter Pilot, owner of Walt's Dairy

Mrs. A. C. Arneson, manager of Patio Candies

Fisher Smith, part owner of Patio Candies

Mr. Thorley, part owner of Patio Candies

James Williams, owner of Williams' Restaurant

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Fuller, owners of Cabbages and Kings

Don Wild, owner of Meat Market at Kip's

Kip Silvey, owner of Kip's Grocery

Art Simpson, manager of Purity Grocery

F. Decker, owner of Mission Market

Jack Belvall, part owner of Belvall Electric, and Jack Belvall & Sons

Rawleigh Belvall, part owner of Belvall Electric, and Jack Belvall & Sons

Ynez Whitaker, owner of Ynez Shop

Gene Ricketts, owner of MacDonald's Dairy

Roy Welsh, owner of Quality Meat Market

Paul Ramoni, part owner of Carmel Bakery

P. A. McCreery, operates own business

Sally McCreery, operates own business

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Andre own Andre's Beauty Salon

Sammy Sierka, manager of Normandy Inn and Blue Bird Inn

Ed Chew, manager of San Carlos Motor Sales

Phil Darnell, manager of San Carlos Service Station

E. Andrews, manager of Berthold Motor Company in Carmel

Ronald Cockburn, part owner of The Carmel Pine Cone

Frances Whitaker, operator of Forge in the Forest

Henry Dickenson, owner of Carmel Pottery

Richard Bare, managing operator of Filmarte.

Young people 30 years or under who are employed in Carmel. Total 140:

K. Alderson, Herb McGuckin, A. Nielsen, J. W. Claywell, Jr., R. Horton, W. Walker, M. A. Perrin, J. J. Brass, P. Stanley, F. Ballam, E. R. Utter, F. R. Smith, Logan Vanderbort, L. Westcott, T. Adams, S. Clay, W. Tanous, D. Stone L. Tanous, O. Vroman, A. Beckenhauer, M. J. Belazz, S. Y. Lew, L. Cowell, N. Bennett, Barbara Bryant, Kathryn Hamm, Sara Jones, Bernice Cross, Bill Rey, Barbara Wood, Margaret Sloane, Max Hagemeyer, Irene Shepherd, Grace Olsen, Esther Kite, Glenn McIntire Howard Hicks, Otto Schlickeiser, Frank Moreski, Marion Choiser, Mary Wheldon, F. Edler, V. Hitchcock, Mervin Thompson, P. Dinkel, L. Poulos, Tony Porgia, G. Silvey, U. Ramos, Maurice Grimshaw, G. Williams, B. Birmingham, F. Ammerman, Marjorie Lockwood, Fred Meagher, Billie Pokrey, Elinor Westcott, M. Buckman, C. Raffanti, Marian Christiansen, George McReynolds, Carrie Belvall, D. Clarke, D. Flaherty, Rosalie Kimball, Marie Tarr, Gladys Younkin, A. Schwartz, H. Hasty, Corum Jackson, Mary Walsh, Stanley Hilbert, Gordon Ewig, Iola Nichols, E. Tetterman, A. Plein, R. Mantoy, Minnie Berber, Jessie Joan Brown, M. Gates, Frances Caffey, Luella Bochet, Ethel Ott, Jeanette Seipt, Marie Wilmoth, Ethel Carrick, W. Payne, V. Westcott, Litha Hicks, A. Lockwood, Ellen Skadan, R. Carter, O. W. Lee, Don Clark, Bill Stanford, Earl Brown, Dale Lei-

dig, Cedric Rowntree, Elaine Carter, Scott Douglass, Fred Strong, Sally Fry, Maxine Elliott, Tom Nelkirk, Doris Stale, Catherine Wilson, Margaret Utter, Doug Rogers, Frances Warner, George Hopps, Bonney Cockburn, Robert Vance, Doris Cook, Clifford Cook, Dave Davis, Dick Carter, G. Alderson.

Not listed by name: 6 out of 16 employees in A. D. H. Company; 5 of M. J. Murphy's employees; approximately 6 employees at La Playa, exclusive of office help; 7 employees of Comstock besides office help.

Del Monte Gay In Pre-Easter Celebration

Din precedes the dawn at Del Monte tomorrow night and morning. Easter will bring quiet, but Easter Eve will bring celebration—dining, dancing in the Ball room at the hotel.

Easter guests from San Francisco and Los Angeles will be greeted tomorrow night by notes from the horns and fiddles of Freddie Nagel's orchestra, which will be playing for Easter Eve diners and dancers.

Nagel's musical efforts to establish an Easter theme will be backed by special entertainment and Easter decorations.

Gaiety will reign supreme in anticipation of the seriousness of the morrow.

Carmel Valley Home \$1500

One of our "specials" is this small home, up in Carmel Valley where there is only an occasional day of fog. A three-room house, on about 1/4-acre. The land lies at the foot of a hill on the left of the Valley road.

Elizabeth McClung White

Telephone 171

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PAINTS EAST AND WEST—COAST TO COASTBy Ida Newberry

William P. Silva of Carmel, member of eight art associations, with canvases hung in art collections here, there and everywhere over the United States, from Washington's Library of Congress to Carmel, from New Orleans to Milwaukee, also in the Luxembourg Gallery at Paris, tells us that it has been only within the last 30-odd years that he has followed pictorial art seriously. At about 50 years of age he made a permanent retreat from business, went to Paris to begin study and within two years had a picture hanging in the Salon there.

I went again to see Mr. Silva Sat-

urday afternoon in his studio near the beach. Still dear to his heart and colorfully fantastic under his brush is the fairyland of South Carolina, the magnolia gardens on the Charleston River, locale of his boyhood. Roaming the woods in those youthful days, the spot spelled deep gloom to him; trees growing tall out of the swamp and hung with dripping moss, the whole dulled by fog, was devoid of charm. Even in early spring, when the wild Cherokee roses burst into riotous blossoming and interspersed the scene with light and daintiness, he was unmoved.

During the years following, the state of South Carolina however, gave that swampy forest area the few subtle touches that have transformed it into a show place. By introducing wisteria and azaleas with their abundance of gay coloring, an entirely different aspect has been created. Reflections in clear pools, whose waters have been artificially restricted, finish the illusion.

Fog, baffling and mysterious, has always enticed him. He has sought out landscapes made vague by it and has transferred them to canvas with such evanescence that, as you look, the fog seems to float. Bright colors of the swamp gardens seen thus, accentuated still more by the hanging moss, an airplant, incidentally, become exquisitely tempered, as also gay Venetian sail boats, the vivid Carmel shore line, and Point Lobos at sunset wrapped in fog.

Mr. Silva's sketches on the continent were confined largely to France, Italy and Spain. He displays, among them, the Temple of Love at Versailles, lilac gardens there, Venice in early morning, showing the Doge's Palace, the Campanile, and St. Mark's Cathedral. He is reminiscent not only of the picturesqueness of Spain but of its customs, some of which amused him. He hasn't forgotten the stage coaches galloping pretentiously into town, whips snapping, and as pretentiously whisking out again, but slowing down exasperatingly along the roads between.

The place where an artist does his work is far more interesting than the room in which his paintings hang decorously on the wall. The outer

door leading to Mr. Silva's workroom he made himself with paneling in imitation of Spanish doors, studded with hammered iron nails brought from Spain. Over the door is a full-blown magnolia, in bas relief, done by a friend. At one side, set in the wall, an almost perfect tile, found one day in his rambles alongside of the Alhambra, from which it had broken away.

On his easel rested "Blue Day in California", a canvas whose basic colors he was laying in. It is another study of Point Lobos and in still another mood. He spoke of the necessity of working quickly in California, where every day changes the aspect of a scene. The artist cannot go back to catch the same thing at the same time another day; it will no longer be there. On the contrary, Mr. Silva said, the French paint out of doors on full-sized canvases, going back to them from day to day. Atmospheric conditions do not interfere with their going on from where they left off.

I could not resist asking him what he thought of the moderne in art.

His reply was not unexpected.

"It is like a book that might have been written by a lunatic. It will die out. Nobody will remember it." He put it off as easily as that.

"The artists of the Monet-Manet period", Mr. Silva continued, "advanced a long way from the set photographic idea of the nature-copyers. Now the idea seems to be to get farther away, even to something that is not."

Thumbing the pages of a scrap book, he called my attention to a two-inch clipping, well yellowed with age.

"My first press notice," he said, "at the age of 16".

I looked closer. It had been printed by the Savannah Evening News, and referred to a drawing he had made of his father. Praising the attempt highly, the reporter had written that the likeness was so striking that it could be recognized "in the dark". It makes Silva chuckle.

"When you returned from studying in Paris, you did not feel like going back to Georgia or South Carolina to live?" I queried.

"I decided to visit California and after that had no desire to live elsewhere. Chris Jorgensen had his studio in Carmel when I first came, and I knew of no better place. The year after, I built this studio. Yes, next May we will celebrate its twenty-fifth birthday."

Mr. Silva has been asked to contribute to various showings this spring but ill health prevents his making the additional effort. He is busy painting every day and is well content.

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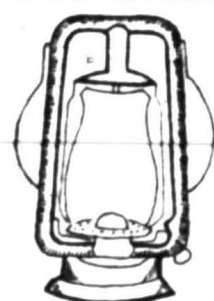
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Christian Science

"Doctrine of Atonement" will be the subject of the Lesson-Sermon Sunday, April 17, in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, branches of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ Scientist in Boston, Mass.

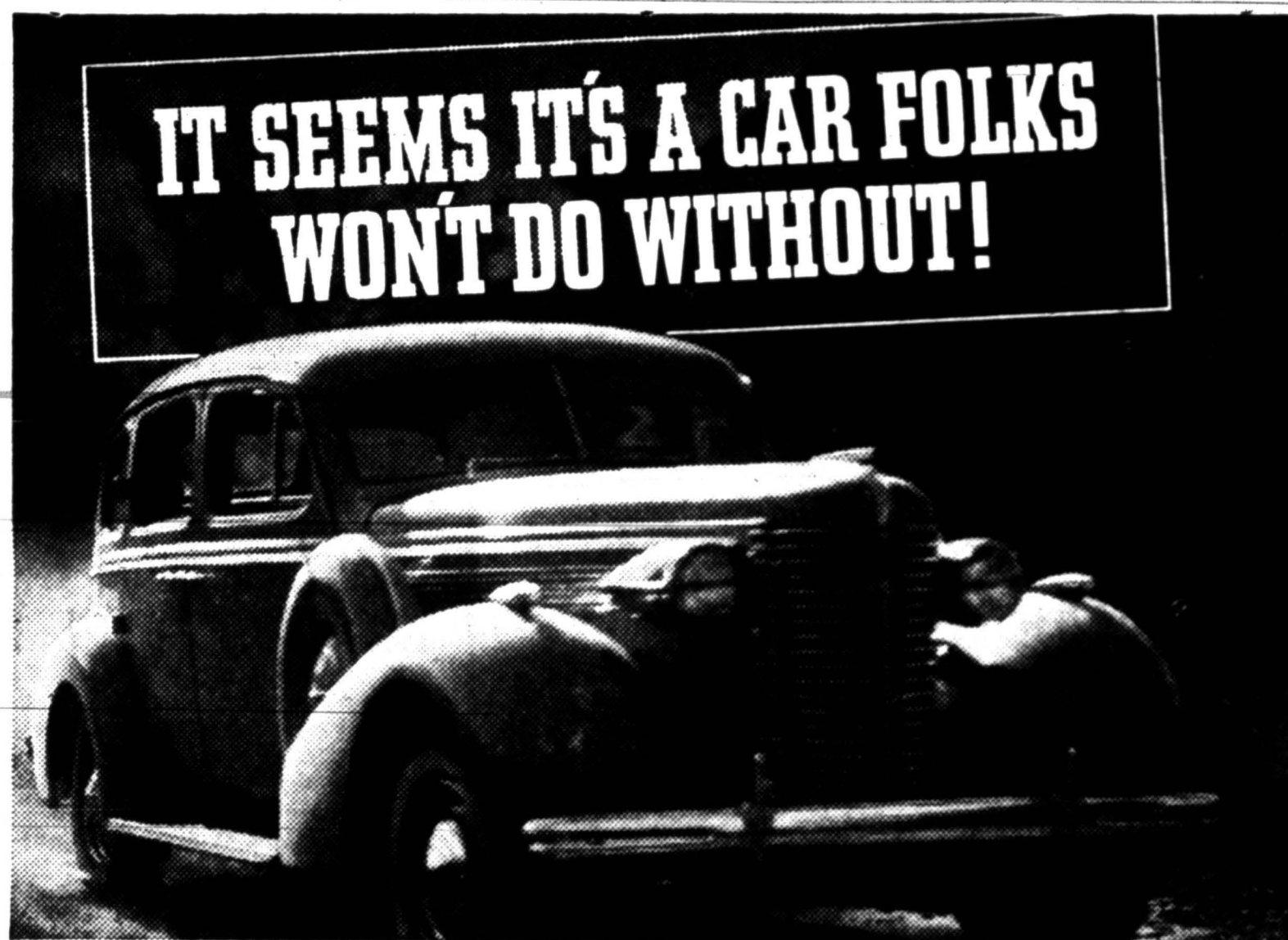
The Golden Text will be: "I and my Father are one" (John 10: 30). Other Bible citations will include: "But now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ. For he is our peace, who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us; . . . For through him we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father" (Eph. 2: 13, 14, 18).

The Lesson-Sermon will also include the following passage from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" by Mary Baker Eddy: "Atonement is the exemplification of man's unity with God, whereby man reflects divine Truth, Life, and Love. Jesus of Nazareth taught and demonstrated man's oneness with the Father, and for this we owe him endless homage" (p. 18).

WOMEN VOTERS TO MEET

The meeting of the executive board of the Monterey County League of Women Voters will be held at Mission Inn, Monterey, Tuesday morning, April 19, 10 o'clock.

A general meeting of the organization will convene at the home of Mrs. L. O. Kellogg, Tuesday, April 26, at 2:00 p. m. Presentation of the various activities of the league groups is promised, a large attendance being requested.



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It had the new and mighty DYNAFLASH engine for sparkling action—the sensationally desirable TORQUE-FREE SPRINGING for a lullaby of a ride.

Looking ahead in that promising day, we figured we had every chance of getting our sales share by reason of what this car gave the buyer for his money.

Now, when times are sterner, it appears we built better than we knew—we've got a car folks just *won't* do without!

This great new Buick was first introduced to the public last fall. Through September, October, November, it sold in steadily increasing volume.

In a period when sales of other cars were sliding off it went ahead, in one month

actually outselling one of the Big Three of the lowest-priced field.

It's *still* going ahead—not car Number Seven or Eight, as one might expect by its price-class, but one of the season's Four Best Sellers!

There is only one explanation of such a record when made by a car in the thousand-dollar bracket.

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GREED AND VANTY PEOPLE AN EMPIRE.

By Robert S. Vance

"That the fair ladies of the Russian Court might appear even more fair in the eyes of their lords."

In a strange land across ice-bound waters, even more icy than their own Siberia there was found a great treasure—greater and lovelier than the treasures of Siberia that graced Muscovite nobility.

The strange tribes in that strange land were found to be wearing pelts the like of which had never before been seen, even in Russia where ermine and sables were commonplace. Animals that lived and fed in the pounding surf provided these pelts—queer animals unlike anything seen by the world-roving Russian seamen. Animals whose rigorous lives in the cold Arctic waters gave them lush

warm coats, that might provide warmth and richness to clothe graceful shoulders.

None but these luxurious skins would do for the fair ladies of the Russian Court. So straightaway Peter the Great called in Captain Bering, personal master mariner to His Imperial Majesty.

"Go at once. Choose good ships and brave men to man them. And return with your decks awash from the weight of these fine furs. Russia alone of all the powers must have this prize."

So Captain Bering sailed, fighting back at the treacherous waters of the strait that now bears his name, and he came to that strange land with its strange people—strange people

who clad their bodies in furs fit only for royalty.

But Spain, jealous of her position, also heard about the rich treasure and she also wanted her lovely ladies clad in luxury. And so Cabrillo, master mariner to the Court of Spain chose good ships and brave men to sail them. Round the Horn he went, and at the place called Baja California he dropped anchor.

Down from the North came Bering and his Russians. Up from the South came the Spaniards. Two mighty forces, impelled by woman's vanity, met and when they met—there were no more furs.

Man's greed and his desire to shine in the eyes of women, had cleared the coast of the sea otters—those odd little animals who lived and fed in the pounding surf. Fit only for royalty, lesser women had to be content with lesser furs, so the marauders were ordered back home.

But where men sail, there men also settle. Left behind with a handful of soldiery was Nicolas Resanov to command Fort Ross. Overlord at Spain's Presidio de Yerba Buena was Commandante Arguello. Joy and delight of his heart was his daughter, Concepcion, a dark-eyed daughter of Spain whose grace and beauty were sung wherever men gather. No force on earth, no royal commands could prevent what was inevitable. It was ordained that Resanov should one day meet Concepcion Arguello. And that force, greater than kings, led Resanov to fall in love with the gracious loveliness of the daughter of the Spanish Commandante.

Cast aside were the niceties of court procedure. Royalty met royalty, but more important, a man loved a woman. And she loved, too. All the warmth of Spain's sunlit skies was in her smile as she breathed her promise. A barbaric fervor burned in his eyes as he swore his love of her—but wait—

"No officer in the armies of the land or in the navies of the sea in the service of His Imperial Majesty, Czar of all the Russias, may marry without the consent and approval of His Imperial Majesty, Peter the Great."

So read a part of the Imperial Code that governed the life of a Russian army officer, and so Nicolas Resanov had sworn when he took up arms.

One last fever-filled embrace, then Resanov set out alone overland, for he must obtain the consent and approval of His Imperial Majesty, Peter the Great. Summer burned its way into Spring, then Fall with the good fathers of Spain piling up their golden harvest. Then the mild Winter came and Spring again, and Concepcion Arguello's dark eyes were yet upon the route taken by her lover. And yet another Spring came with flowers for her hair, colored, men said, like the wing of a raven when seen against the sunlight. And with the flowers came tidings of her loved one. Nicolas Resanov, they told her, was a brave man, and he loved as it is given to few men to love, but not even that was proof against the hardships of that strange land of iciness. Wolves, they said it was, with a decision more final than that of czar or god.

At the convent in Benicia there still stands a simple headstone, and if one looks sharply, the letters that spell out Concepcion Arguello are faintly visible. She forsook the world that had taken her lover, and devoted the rest of her life to the Church. First nun to take her vows in the land they called California, one more victim sacrificed to the greed of man and the vanity of woman.

Gone from the waters of the coastline were the sea otters that brought Russians and Spaniards alike, but there were other treasures and more enduring ones. Sea otters and their prized pelts were forgotten as men turned to the fields and mines, and the whole history of two great nations in their plunderous search for

furs became legend, then hushed.

And children were told of the sea otters, their treasured furs, and were told that the creatures were extinct—but no!

Two centuries later came word of a herd of strange marine animals that lived and fed in the pounding surf. Hundreds there were, unlike anything ever seen by world-roving seamen. Men of science were called, and they trained powerful glasses on the creatures. Look, they are not like anything we know of—they swim in the breakers with a motion like that of a snake. There were no pictures to guide them, but tales handed down from the time of Captain Bering held fast to description—they are truly the sea otters, long thought a dead race.

And truly they are. Somewhere along the coastline of California, protected from man's greed and

woman's vanity, lives a herd of the prized sea otter. His work of bringing men to a treasure richer than his own is done, and it nearly killed him, but he does live. It is not fitting that he, too, should become a victim of the plunder and slaughter that he brought to California, so today, keen-eyed observers, with glasses patiently trained on the coast, are sometimes favored with a glimpse of these strange creatures playing and feeding in the pounding surf.

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DUCK HUNTING NOTHING NEW

Carmel Visitor Tells of Prehistoric Hunters

You fellows who complain about sitting in a cold duck blind waiting to blast away at a flight of birds are a bunch of sissies. How would you like to sit patiently at the edge of a lake, poorly clad, and wait for the ducks to come within range of a spear?

That's what your sportsman ancestors had to do somewhere between four and forty thousand years ago on the shore of Nevada lakes that were left when the Ice Age glaciers melted.

Tom Derby of Lovelock, Nev., who has been visiting Don Blanding, has been exploring the famous Lovelock Caves. His discoveries together with those of other archeologists have established the aborigines of the post-glacial period as being cave dwellers and hunters. From skeletal and mummified remains, the race is all over seven feet tall. That they were duck hunters is proven by the number of decoys found in the caves. The decoys, remarkably preserved, are made of finely woven wicker, decorated with tufts of brightly colored feathers. The weapon used by this almost prehistoric race is known as the atlatl dart. It antedates the bow and arrow and is in appearance not unlike a small spear. Instead of being thrown like a spear, it was hurled by means of a short stick with a handle at one end and a hook at the other. Judging from the size of the hunters and the length of the throwing sticks, the speed of the darts must have been tremendous.

More dart heads than darts have been discovered, as the heads, made as they are of what we now consider semi-precious stones, are practically indestructible. Many of these heads have been found embedded in the bones of animals no longer existent.

Two natural causes are directly responsible for the state of preservation of bodies and relics. When the waters of the glacial lakes receded and finally dried away entirely, the air in that area became as dry as it is today. With the dying off of the race bats took over the caves, and the combination of the dry atmosphere and the mummifying qualities of the bat guano contrived to keep relics and bodies in a state where they maintain their original appearance.

An interesting and debatable scientific point has been brought up here. When the bodies were discovered, they were found to have red hair. It is known that the acid of guano has a chemical effect on all hair-like growths, feathers, and the like, and that effect is probably responsible for the red hair and feathers found in the caves. Yet, the Indians of that district have a legend wherein they claim to have exterminated a race of redheaded men. It is not entirely impossible that the present race of Indians came upon these remains and simply built up the myth as a piece of bragging.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Derby returned to their ranch near Lovelock after a brief visit to Carmel. After the spring work is well under way, they plan to explore the caves further, working with scientists from the University of California to learn more about the prehistoric people who lived there.

BOOK AUCTION SCHEDULED

For the final program of the Book Section of the Carmel Woman's Club, Mrs. Thelma Miller will review J. A. Cronin's "Citadel", one of the recent best sellers. The section meeting will be held at Pine Inn, next Wednesday morning, 10:30. On Wednesday, May 4, in substitution for the usual program, the season's auction of books will be held.

CHILD LABOR LAWS SUBJECT OF DISCOURSE

Over 70 members of the League of Women Voters assembled last Tuesday at Pine Inn for its regular monthly luncheon and program. Vice President Mrs. John P. Sandholt presented the speaker, Mrs. James D. Boyle, who sits as referee for cases of girls in the juvenile court at Los Angeles, and is section chairman of the State League for Government and Child Welfare.

Mrs. Boyle is young and very much alive, therefore easy to listen to. She admitted a hearty liking for Carmel in which village she has often sojourned. Acknowledging that her expense in coming had been met by the League, she related that her husband, on being acquainted with this fact remarked, "My dear, don't tell me that someone is paying to hear you talk!"

After a few more amusing personalities, she entered seriously on her talk, which she termed "A Coordinated Concept of Child Welfare in California". She considered it a euphonious title she said, but did not feel at all sure she would be able to live up to it.

She began by reminding her hearers that there are still eight states that have not ratified the child labor amendment to the Constitution of the United States. She discussed

the Kansas and Kentucky decisions, Kansas' claim that it has become a dead issue, the league's opposition to the Vandenberg amendment on the following three counts: 1—no mention of the child of over 16 years; 2—provision only for children working in places of hire; 3—advisability of waiting for the supreme court hearing on Kansas and Kentucky.

The Barkley bill, now under discussion, is favored by the league, as it forbids shipment of goods when child labor is involved. She saw flaws in the Wheeler-Johnson proposal due to the complicated set-up it would occasion because of state differentiation. The Fair Labor Standards bill, which contains some child labor legislation clauses, is approved by the League in the main, although objection to some omissions has been raised.

She took up in great detail laws on our California statutes dealing with the labor of children, stating that the minimum age limit should be higher in hazardous occupations, speaking of exemptions concerning agricultural pursuits, the difficulty of enforcement and many other pertinent features. She mentioned the thorough study being made of these issues in Los Angeles at the present time, all of which she is not entirely cognizant of. "However," she said, speaking of street trade, "I do know that 10 years of age is too young for a child to be making money on the streets."

This naturally led to the migratory labor problem in California, full of entanglements regarding children. She stated that one-third of the large scale American farms are located in California, the amount of labor needed at peak times for product handling is 4½ times that needed in slump periods, and graphically pointed out the excessive difficulties of

the problem. The figures and facts that she quoted were pretty startling and presented considerable material for deep thinking. She laughed at having thought at the outset that she might be able to solve the matter.

Another subject she brought up was that of camps, indicating still further and very serious difficulties. It was slightly more encouraging to hear of the study being carried on through the construction of model camps.

Referring to the delinquent child in California, she was emphatic in pronouncing our state juvenile court law excellent. She reviewed Judge Ben Lindsay's bill, but was not entirely complimentary to him, nor his suggestions.

Her final statement regarding control of child labor was that the solution was in the accomplishment of the constitutional amendment.

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Girl Scout News

Recently the Girl Scouts of troop 2 had a short game of baseball. Then we went inside of the Scout house. Unfortunately the girls who wished to pass their tenderfoot tests were not able to work on their tests, but they did have fun playing a game called "Indian Chief". The girls that were working toward being second class Scouts passed observation and compass tests. We were each given one point of the compass. We each drew a map of the direction we were given. For instance, if you were given east, you would draw a map showing trees, shrubs, or buildings which were in the eastern vicinity. After the meeting Suzanne Watson served some delightful cookies which she made to pass her cooking test. Vivian Ohm will serve next week.

—BARBARA BODLEY, Scribe.

Girl Scouts of Troop 1 held a meeting some days ago. After a short opening, the scouts that had passed second class, started examining the new material which Miss Tweedy brought. The material is very interesting. There are many different fields, such as dancing and music or home economics. The scouts were interested in the cook's badge, so they read all the material on the badge. In order to obtain a cook's badge, a scout has a choice of 15 tests, of which she has to pass ten such as collecting recipes and cooking one or two of them, planning the meals for an imaginary family for one week, making ice-cream and then visiting an ice-cream plant. All of these and others are much more fun than just cooking one or two dishes and getting a badge.

The scouts were then called together and the scribe read an invitation to a scout gathering to be held on Carmel Beach, April 23 from 3:30 to 8:30 p. m. A short take-off from "Snow White" was then given by Margot Coffin, Jane E. Clark and Elise Beaton. After the play, the performers served cake made by Elise Beaton. The meeting closed with the singing of the Girl Scout Hymn.

—ELISE BEATON, Scribe.

TEMPUS FUGIT

To build one modern locomotive, employment is provided equivalent to the work of 50 men for one year. Then how long is it going to take Jack Jordan, who is building one all by himself?

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Sea Otters to Get Protection

The California State Fish and Game Commission are making efforts to appoint a body of men whose sole duties will be to patrol the coast in order to prevent illegal taking of sea otters.

Long thought to be extinct, sea otters have been sighted in the surf just off Rainbow Bridge. Approximately 400 of these animals whose pelts are valued as high as ermine and sable were sighted as recently as two weeks ago. Heavy penalties await anyone killing a sea otter, as it is hoped that they will live unmolested in California waters and continue to breed.

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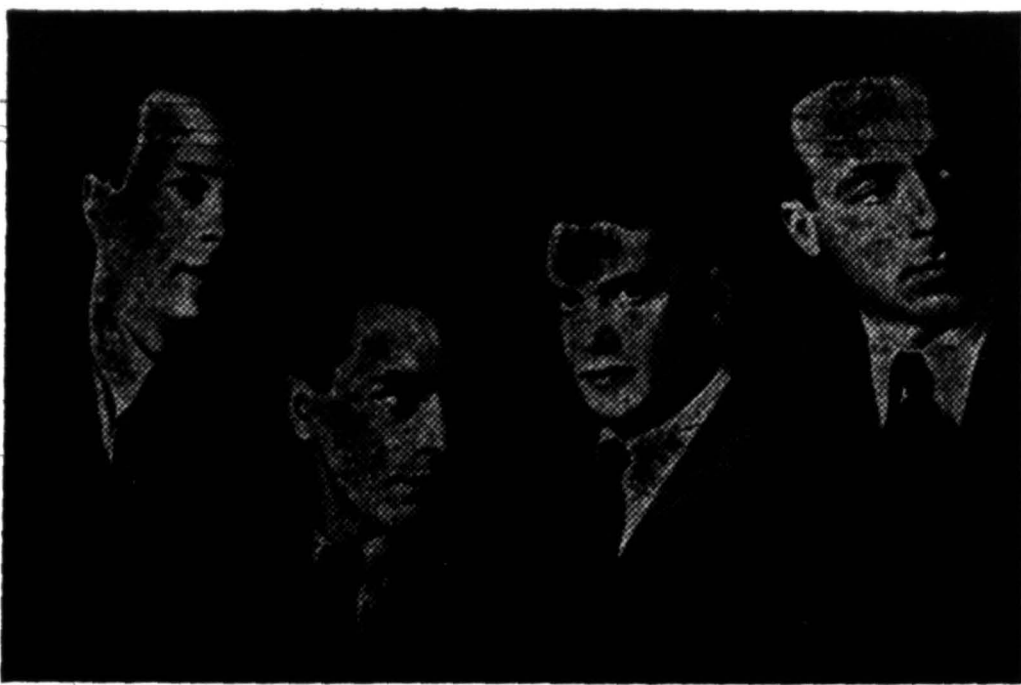
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Playing Tomorrow Night



Budapest String Quartet which will play at Sunset School Auditorium under the auspices of the Carmel Music Society.

BUDAPEST STRING QUARTET TO PLAY SATURDAY NIGHT

By J. P. GILBERT

The worldwide popularity of the Budapest String Quartet, which plays at Sunset auditorium on the evening of the 16th, might be hard to understand but for two facts; a growing demand for chamber music and the perfection of this quartet.

Less than a month ago the New York Times said of them, "If there is a finer string foursome it has not made itself known on this side of the Atlantic." This is high praise but there were other critics even more enthusiastic and the writer has yet to read a single adverse criticism of their playing. From the point of view of technique and musical interpretation there can be little doubt but that they are one of the great quartets of all time. The perfect quartet will, of course, never be heard anywhere but it is extremely doubtful if the people of the Peninsula will ever hear a closer approach to it than they will on Saturday evening.

The Budapest quartet was started during the war and working ever since with steady genius to better their ensemble they have achieved a unique popularity with both critic and audience. Wherever they have played, and that is in nearly every country of the world, their re-engagement has become almost a matter of course. The flexibility and vitality of their playing has unquestionably brought out the melodious quality of the great quartets in such a way that the public can at last understand why these have always been so loved by musicians. The increasing number of string ensembles to be heard on the radio is evidence of a decided change in the attitude of the public towards chamber music and the reception of the Budapest on their present tour clearly shows this change.

During the last week this quartet has been playing in the South. They

gave two concerts in Los Angeles which were enthusiastically received and immediately after played in Pasadena. So popular had they become that the house was completely sold out. In San Francisco they are getting this same sort of reception. There the greatest applause was given to the Sibelius quartet which is new to their repertoire. And there is every hope that they can be induced to play this in Carmel.

Travel Art at Stanford

Word comes from Pedro Lemos of Carmel and Palo Alto regarding an exhibit of watercolors by Dr. Bailey Willis of Stanford University.

Dr. Willis has made a travelogue in art for his show at the Stanford Art Gallery, having captured the spirit as well as the appearance of each of the many places he has visited.

Looking Ahead Will Be P-T. A. Topic

The Parent-Teacher Association's meeting for the month of April will be held in the library of Sunset school on Tuesday, the 19th, at 3 p. m. The topic, "Looking Ahead", will be treated from different angles by a group of speakers, as follows: Looking Ahead for Boy and Girl Scouts, by Walter Kellogg and Miss Tweedy, respectively; Tennis and the Future, Mrs. Ruth Perry; What of the Lagoon? Mrs. Paul Sanders; Looking Ahead in Music, Miss Dene Denny; Possibilities of the Forest Theater, Herbert Heron.

The business portion of the program will also be of importance as election of officers will occur, following the report of the nominating committee. Supervision of children of school age will be taken care of by playground directors and there will be accommodation, as usual, for the tots in the kindergarten room.

ANNOUNCE CHANGES IN MONTEREY TRAIN SCHEDULE

Minor readjustments in train schedules between Monterey and San Francisco, effective April 17, have been announced by Southern Pacific.

Daily train No. 37 and Sunday train No. 41, which now leave Monterey at 1:20 p. m., will depart at 1:33 under the new schedule. Arrival time of the daily train in San Francisco will be 5:30 p. m., and of the Sunday train, 5:15 p. m.

Supper Suggestions

by
SAMMY SIERKA

In old Russia, Easter was the favorite of all the holidays. A day of festivity as well as of worship. To throw open the doors of each house, to be "at home" to everyone; to eat, drink and be merry, was the joy of Easter for all the Russians. In every house and on every table you would find Russian Easter bread. It is sweet like coffee cake, and just the thing for Easter breakfast, or for tea in the afternoon, or in true continental fashion, with a white wine. It is difficult to make and takes an experienced hand, but it is worth your while.

EASTER BREAD: — Crumble $\frac{1}{2}$ cake yeast in bowl, add $\frac{1}{2}$ pint lukewarm milk, one cup flour. Set in warm place to rise. Time $\frac{1}{2}$ -hour. Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar together. Add 4 eggs, grated rind of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon. Beat well. Add the yeast mixture and 3 cups flour alternately. Add pinch of salt. Knead well, until smooth, using only enough flour to handle easily. Place in buttered bowl and allow to rise until double in bulk. Time 1 hour. Cover soft dish towel with flour, then roll out dough on towel and roll easily until dough is about the thickness of pie crust. Spread poppy seed filling over dough. Using towel, roll up like a jelly roll and carefully slip from towel to buttered baking pan; shape into ring. Let rise again. Time 1 hour. Bake 45 minutes in oven 375° F.

POPPY SEED FILLING: — 1 cup black poppy seed, 1 cup top milk, 3 tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons honey, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped almonds, rind of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, grated, 1 tablespoon chopped citron, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup seedless raisins, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup currant jelly. Boil all ingredients together except currant jelly on slow fire for 45 minutes. When cool add jelly. Spread on dough. (To freshen bread place in hot oven for a few minutes).

Eatons Reading for Marionette Show

John and Mitzel Eaton are rapidly getting the lobby of the Golden Bough theater in shape for their opening, which will be sometime between the first and the fifteenth of May.

Their first show will be Silver Bell, adapted by Mitzel from an old German fairy tale. This story, like many others presented in peasant Germany, has never been recorded, but has been handed down in the form of a story for many generations.

The new marionette show house is expected to seat 80 people, and should attract many visitors to Carmel during the summer.

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From a Window In Vagabond's House

By .
DON BLANDING



Have I told you about my operation? Well, that's too bad because I'm certainly going to if you finish this column. I had my tonsils out. You say that's not worth calling an operation. Well, yours may have been just a pair of little raisins that fell off in the doctor's hand but mine were like a pair of angry prunes, deeply imbedded, infected and practically had to be blasted. Thank God, I have only two tonsils to give for my constitution.

It was all very horrible despite the best doctors, hospitalization, nurses, and everything. And when I think of my friends who encouraged me. I don't want to call them liars, I'll just call them willful and criminal optimists with the hopeful imaginations of real estate agents. "Why", I can hear them say now, "In two days you'll be snapping at toast and popcorn and steaks, just as though nothing had happened." I might snap at the person who offered me a bit of steak but nothing more, the way my throat feels. Even coddled eggs feel as though they were filled with minced razor blades.

To begin. That darned little garment they put on you that fastens up the back. I have a long torso and when I got into that singer-midget's nightie I looked like Shirley Temple in one of her cuter moments. I did a September morn and yelled for more shirt tail. The nurse said, "Why, WE don't mind. We're used to them." I said, "You may not mind, but I do. If I'm going to have my tonsils snatched I'm at least going to be modest."

I had only local anesthesia. That meant that I saw all the instruments of torture as they went in and as they came out bearing gory trophies. I could see the cold detached interest of the nurses and the doctor. They were human enough before and after but while I lay helpless with my mouth open and my upper lip pried back like an old horse whose age is under suspicion; they just peered and pried with no decent consideration into all of my past, present and future. "A beautiful example of gxytapttlettmoxa (or something like that)" the doctor murmured. I strained my gaze down to see. I won't describe the bit but if it was beautiful, then an octopus should take a beauty prize in a

Ziegfeld show.

Their sense of humor was grotesque, too. "Does that hurt?" they'd say. With my mouth full of fingers, instruments and tongue depressors I could only say "glorp" no matter what I tried to say. My eyebrows were covered by a cute little arrangement that looked like an infant's bonnet so I couldn't get any expression out of them. They probably knew the answer was "yes" anyhow and just asked the question to humor me.

It wasn't exactly pain that I felt with all the stuff they used to block off the nerves. It was more like the sound that would be made by uprooting one of the sturdier Monterey cypresses at Point Lobos... one of those old determined ones. I felt more like a hill that the Road Commission is putting a tunnel through. Next time I'm just going to ask the doctor to hit me hard on the head with a mallet and do the dirty work while I'm passed out. I have no further interest in the mechanics of it.

And the worst of it is that I can't talk about it to the visitors who drop in. Here I am, just busting with details, and whatever I say sounds like a subnormal Czechoslovakian child of six trying to talk Latin. Visitors listen for a moment with a kindly puzzled look and then say, "Oh, yes", vaguely and proceed to tell ME about THEIR operations while they have me defenseless.

Just wait until my throat gets over being sore. I'll take on anyone in an operation-talking-about contest. The trouble is, it won't be news by that time and I won't get anyone to listen.

It's a harsh world... and it's time for me to gargle. Glurble-blurble-glurble.

(Continuing this week, we print the remainder of Don's poem, "Carmel-by-the-Sea", from his latest book, "The Rest of the Road".

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA

It's a casual town with a lazy air,
The streets go wandering everywhere,
They twist and turn and dip and wind
As though they were planned by an idle mind,
And some are narrow and some are wide

If they meet a tree they turn aside
In a courteous, friendly sort of way.
And the cats and the dogs and the shy brown quails
That wander in from the forest trails

It's the "doggiest" place I ever knew,
Folks have one and sometimes two,
Of every description and every breed,
And they may be mongrel or pedigreed,

But you know them all and they all know you,
At least they act as though they do.
The homes are quaint... that's a dreadful word...

But they are just THAT, with the most absurd
Designs and whims in the chimney pots,
And set in the most amazing spots,
On the brink of cliffs like a swallow's nest,

Or high on a barren mountain-crest,
My house in Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Or cuddled down in a leafy glade
Or snuggled under a live-oak's shade.
With every conceivable scheme or plan
Designed by the fertile brain of man,
With gables and turrets and beams and domes,
But you know that the folks adore their homes
And they had grand fun and they didn't care
If the house had sort of a crazy air,
They knew what they wanted... that's what they got,
Which makes Carmel a delightful spot.

You never know whom you're going to meet
As you wander down the one main street,
A world-known banker, a movie star,
A millionaire in a battered car
With a faded pair of dungarees.
You do exactly as you please.
If you go in slacks or are smartly dressed
The folks in town are not impressed.
You may be haughty, you may be proud
Or you may be one of the Who's Who crowd,
But the town won't mind, it has seen them all,
The famous and infamous, great and small,
From Aimee McPherson to Sadie Gloom
With a prince or two thrown in to boot.

Each man and woman and child and pup
Comes into town when the mail's put up,
It's the big event of the Carmel day,
The gossip and news gets around that way.

"Who's had a baby and what's its name",
"Are you going out to the football game?"
"The Jones have left, and the Smiths are back,"

The latest story, the last wise-crack.
The Carmel Pine Cone gleams the news

That is known to all. It just reviews
The facts and figures. We read it through

To find if the story we heard is true.
It's as nice a place as I've ever found.
I've spotted a certain piece of ground
Where I think I'll build a little shack,
A place to rest when I wander back
From hither and yon. I can park my junk.

My books and chests and my Chinese punk,
My hula hats and my smokernee,
The pictures I painted at Waikiki,
My old carved Buddha, my Chinese robe.
My choicest treasure... my well-thumbed globe.

I never stay anywhere very long.
When I hear the clear sweet siren song
Of the open road... well, I have to go,
But it's nice, in the back of my mind, to know
That I've got a snug little hide-away.

I can lock the door when I want to stray,
And when I come back it's awaiting me,
My house in Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Author's note: There's an old question, "Can a man love two women equally well at the same time?" I won't commit myself on that, but I can say that this man can love two places equally well at the same time. Hawaii and Carmel-by-the-Sea are not rivals in my heart. I just give each of them all of my heart... alternately.

Colors will be so blended at San Francisco's 1939 Exposition that visitors will not get tired from glare of buildings and walks but will be refreshed and mildly excited.

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LADY ATTENDANT

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Men and Beasts

By
PHIL NESBITT

Time and tide roll on like elemental juggernauts. The mornings break clearly, with a mild and bracing coolness. Mortal bodies, long adjusted to resisting chill weather, are slow in relaxing. The summertime, late afternoon display of fog over Carmel is promising to occur. Sunsets too, are increasingly beautiful. As one drives down that long descent, before turning into Carmel hilltop, the Valley slides away to the left in all its singular majesty and grandeur. Soon the fishing will be possible. There will be nicely orgiastic beach parties, which should never be missed. All the latent, held-in-abyeance-paganism of these long, wet winter months will reveal its spring-green face. The moon will rise like a massive Cheddar cheese and spill

its warm, yet cold light upon the strolling beach figures. There will be, during the warm days, a shrill flock of young females caparisoned in short businesses, calculated to do something or other to the eager male eye, wagging themselves up and down Ocean avenue's brief span. There will be glittering roadsters dangerously brimming with these same young females and their consorts; Hollywood too, will send its emissaries to ferret out the more comely of the local populace for service in the cinema army. There will be several visitors who will doubtless leave a dent in the plush facade of the village. There will be those who will commit such antics and execute such brave and foolish bedlams as to contribute to the gossip-history of the coming winter. The village grocers will wax opulent; the real estate dealers will slice up smaller parcels of mother earth for vending purposes. The police force will swell its exchequer with arbitrarily levied fines. In fact, we are about to roll along with those elemental juggernauts, TIME AND TIDE, into another summer season. There will be exactly as much lucre as of yore, despite the muzzler-than-muzzy reports of a Wall Street collapse.

English papers appear in a slightly miraculous fashion where I am abiding.

ing. They express, with the proverbial rare conservatism of the reticent Anglo-Saxon mind, simple things most obscurely. The back pages of a weekly journal devoted to the political situation, as the English perceive it to be, contains several advertisements in its three-column width. They read much as follows: "A philosopher shows that the descendants of the erstwhile barbarians, by discarding Catholicism are being partially civilized by it, instead of becoming wholly so, and having peace, are reverting to the state of their forebears, etc., etc., etc. Next in line is a detail concerning the removal of superfluous hair; next, Cabri-specially made cigarets and lastly, a sober item related to the cautious English dispensation of anthracite coal. There is, also, a quaintly romantic and suggestive advertisement for a watering place in Switzerland. It reads: "Switzerland. Gentrans. Panoramic scenery, modern comforts. Chef. 50s. weekly. Chalet Champéry. Thus it goes in old, war-befuddled Europe, where people must also buy commodities for their daily needs, and must, under the thrust of city life, flee to the green countryside for recuperation of soul and body.

How to Raise the Rhododendron

The Carmel Womans' Club was distinctly favored in its opportunity to hear Dr. R. A. Kocher speak on rhododendrons at its garden section meeting Thursday morning, April 7 in the home of Mrs. H. S. Nye. After the members had strolled through the Nye gardens, in radiant bloom and indicative of expert care, Mrs. Joseph G. Hooper, section chairman, introduced the speaker.

After narrating his original, dire failure with a 150-pound shipment of rhododendrons from the Blue Ridge country, Dr. Kocher gave helpful instructions in regard to their treatment here in Carmel where, he said, "Conditions are just about right." It was his complete failure at first that had induced him to make a thorough study of the plant.

"It needs an acid soil and our trees supply it," he said. "It will not thrive without sunshine, but a moist climate is imperative. Rhododendrons must also be watered and the soil must be well drained." He explained that although they may be raised from seeds, the procedure requires great accuracy and consequently propagation from root grafts and slips is advisable.

After a brief survey of its occurrence in various parts of the globe, Dr. Kocher said that the rhododendron's optimum habitat is in Asia where there are 900 species. "In the monsoon area there are almost forests of them," he remarked.

He displayed a large variety of perfect specimens which he had grown, although admitting that the blossoms are not yet in their prime. "You may have them blooming from the first of January to the middle of August," he said.

SUNSET MENUS

Following are the menus for the Sunset school cafeteria during the week of April 18-22:

Monday: Pineapple chunklet salad, tomato bouillon, rice with chip-ped beef, diced beets, ice cream.

Tuesday: Blushing pear salad, split pea soup, beef stew, artichokes, fruit cup.

Wednesday: Cabbage, raisin and nut salad; noodle soup, candied sweet potatoes, carrots, ice cream.

Thursday: Sunset salad, vegetable soup, hot dogs, string beans, ginger-bread.

Friday: Waldorf salad, corn chowder, escalloped potatoes, spinach, ice cream.

CARMELITES INVITED TO SAN FRANCISCO RED CROSS MEETING

Junior Red Cross Problems To Be Discussed

Special invitations were mailed this week to the members of the governing board, Carmel Chapter American Red Cross, to attend the national convention to be held in San Francisco May 2-5.

All members who may be in San Francisco during that week are urged to attend one or more sessions. At a meeting of the executive committee of the chapter last week, the following delegates were appointed to attend: C. W. Lee, Miss P. Leslie King, Mrs. Herbert John Morse and Mrs. Alfred Mathews. As alternates Mr. Lillian Trowbridge and Col. T. B. Taylor.

"The Junior Red Cross as a Social Force" is the theme of the Junior convention, held simultaneously with the regular meetings. The program makes provision for individual talks and group discussions of "some of the social problems which young people have to solve". These include Unemployment and Relief, Health and Safety, International Cooperation and Cultivating Wholesome Attitudes Toward World Problems.

Ruth Ellis of Stockton high school has been chosen to speak for Junior Red Cross at the opening session. Her subject will be "Molding Ideals Into Service".

At the quarterly meeting of Carmel chapter governing board held at All Saints chapel on Wednesday, an audit of the chapter records was presented. It had been prepared by Peter Mawdsley, public accountant, covering 1937.

The audit shows that Carmel

chapter was most active during last year and met our local relief problems in a most acceptable manner. Among the important items on the relief and first aid problems were: nursing, \$341.58; hospitalization and rehabilitation, \$939.72; milk and foods, \$1,037.42; Ohio and California floods aid, \$3,308.25; ambulance purchase and expense \$2,224.73; membership remittance to National headquarters, \$863.50. Balance for 1938 operation, \$4,989.02.

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Giants, Shamrocks Lead

Heavy Hitting Featured In Both Games

By DOC STANIFORD

Giants and Shamrocks win; lead the league. The Giants won the first game against the Pilots, with the final score of Giants 19, Pilots 7. Extremely heavy hitting on the part of the Giants featured this game and left little doubt even in the early stages of the game that the Giants would be the winners.

"Chick" McCarthy of the Giants pitched a fine game and also hit well. Ted Leidig, Giant captain, played a corking good game in both fielding and batting. Gale Alderson made the longest hit of the game, a home-run deep into the outfield.

Captain Gordy Campbell of the Pilots did the best work for his team, but unfortunately his teammates, with the exception of Fred Warren, Dorothea Dawson and Jenkins, failed to hit—and thereby hangs the tale of this ball game.

We all missed Charlie Van Riper,

Giant catcher, and we hope that his foot will be O. K. in time for him to play next Sunday.

In the case of the Shamrocks vs. the Tigers—well, ladies and gentlemen, that was a real ball game. The four-leaf clover was the queen bee, and the Tigers will not feel that "wearing of the green" brings them good luck on an Easter egg hunt. This game should really be dedicated to Frank Sheridan, one of the real Shamrocks.

Any umpire of the American, National or Class AA leagues who wishes to obtain a foundation in order to learn how to call plays right, my advice is—try to umpire a game with two of your own sons playing and just try to laugh that off! I sort of think that I had a four-leaf clover myself.

When the battle was over the Shamrocks had 15 Easter eggs, and the Tigers trailed with 11 eggs yet to hatch.

HIGHLIGHTS OF GAME

For the Pilots: Dorothea Dawson, first base, played a fine game.

Fred Godwin, third sacker, stopped a hard-hit ball that took a good bounce, with his chin—and Mort Henderson laughed.

For the Shamrocks: Young Don Stanford got four hits, scored two runs, and made a good catch of a hard, high fly to make the final put-out that ended the game.

Honorable mention should be given Rosey Henry, who pitched the best game he has in many seasons.

Byron Prior, veteran catcher, and Captain Hasty hit well, each getting four hits.

By Ford, shortstop, played his usual good game.

For the Tigers: Bill Stanford played in two games; first for the Giants and next for the Tigers, playing well in both.

Charlie Frost, short patch artist, was outstanding in fielding and batting.

Jean Leidig did some very timely hitting, getting three hits for four times at bat.

Young Jimmy Kelsey, whose father is "Slab Dab" Ivan Kelsey, the old Tiger pitcher, played a fine game, hitting the horsehide right on the nose for three hard, clean hits.

Bill Dekker, Giant second baseman, played a good game.

Well, it was a sweet day, and I think the Shamrock-Tiger game was the most interesting and best played game so far this season. The Tigers outlit their rivals but played in tough luck. The Shamrocks bunched their hits and made their runs count to sew up the game.

Umpires for both games—Willis Walker and "Doc" tStaniford.

Hat's in the Ring



Julien M. Moreau, Salinas constable, who this week announced his candidacy for sheriff of Monterey county at the elections this fall.

Moreau Seeks Sheriff's Post

Julien M. Moreau, present constable of Alisal township, Salinas, has announced his candidacy for the office of Monterey county sheriff.

He has served as peace and traffic officer in Monterey county for the past 18 years, starting in his career under the late Sheriff W. J. Nesbitt.

Moreau promises not only an honest, fair administration should he become elected, but to keep expenses to taxpayers at a minimum.

Sunset School Baseball

Immediately following the opening of school after the Easter vacation, the new baseball league schedules for boys' and girls' teams will go into effect. Schedules announced by Arthur C. Hull, school coach, are as follows:

BOYS' LEAGUE

April 19—Wildmen vs. Demons
April 21—Mules vs. Terrors
April 26—Demons vs. Mules
April 28—Wildmen vs. Terrors
May 3—Wildmen vs. Mules
May 5—Demons vs. Terrors
May 10—Wildmen vs. Demons
Mules vs. Terrors
May 12—Demons vs. Mules
Wildmen vs. Terrors
May 17—Wildmen vs. Mules
Demons vs. Terrors
May 19—Play-off if two teams are tied for first place.

GIRLS' LEAGUE

April 18—Indians vs. Bears
April 22—Bears vs. Trojans
April 25—Trojans vs. Indians
April 29—Indians vs. Bears
May 2—Bears vs. Trojans
May 6—Indians vs. Trojans
May 9—Indians vs. Bears
May 13—Bears vs. Trojans
May 16—Indians vs. Trojans.
Approximately 70 boys of the sixth, seventh and eighth grades are signed up in the four boys' teams. Richard Whitmer captains the Wildmen; Peter Thatcher is captain of the Terrors; De Witt Appleton heads the Demons; and Don Morton is captain of the Mules.

Girls of the seventh and eighth grades are organized into three teams. Martha Rico is captain of the Bears; Virginia Grogan of the Indians; and Leona Ramsey of the Trojans.

Shopkeepers may buy "open" and "closed" signs at The Pine Cone office.

Enroll Early for Monterey C.M.T.C.

It is announced by Lt. Col. R. L. Hughes of Salinas, county chairman of the Military Training Camps Association, that the number of young men to be accepted for enrollment at the Citizens Military Training Camp at Monterey, July 8 to Aug. 6, has been established at 1145. Of this number, says Colonel Hughes, 11 boys will have the privilege of attending camp from Monterey county.

Colonel Hughes reports 16 boys attended the Monterey Camp from this county last year and that a large percentage of these young men have already signified their intentions of returning this year.

"As our quota is comparatively small," says Colonel Hughes, "it is very likely that we will fill it before the first of May. For that reason, it is important that those between the ages of 17 and 29 who hope to avail themselves of the fine training and the opportunity to have a wholesome good time such as the Monterey camp affords should make application without delay. Otherwise, it is not unlikely that other California and Nevada communities will encroach upon our quota and those of our boys who put off their decisions until the last minute may be disappointed."

GARDEN SECTION

The Garden Section of the Carmel Woman's Club has been promised a talk on delphiniums by Mrs. Reinelt, Thursday of next week at the home of Miss Anne Grant, Hatton Fields.

Our . . . Peninsula

FIRE PREVENTION IS EASY

Fire loss in the United States is disgracefully high. But it would be far higher were it not for the unending efforts of the stock fire insurance industry, carried on through the National Board of Fire Underwriters, in the interest of fire prevention and control.

Few of us realize what this work means to all business, and to everyone with a home, a job, or an investment. According to the National Association of Credit Men, a saving of a quarter-billion dollars annually in fire waste, means a gain of close to a billion dollars for American business. In other words, the indirect cost of fire is much greater than the direct cost, so that when we prevent a dollar of direct loss we save several dollars of indirect cost.

T. A. DORNEY

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560 Polk Street MONTEREY



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They are priced right, terms will be given and low interest rates. These properties are all within two hours' ride from the Monterey Peninsula.

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Carmel

Easter DINNER DANCE

THIS SATURDAY NIGHT

— in the —

BALI ROOM

— at —

Hotel Del Monte

Make Table Reservations Early

Th. B. Ingwersen and Ferdinand Hansen Celebrate Their Return to the Peninsula After 50 Years

By DORIS COOK

Fifty years ago on March 15, 1888, two young men traveled on the steamer, "Santa Clara" over heavy seas from San Francisco to the port of Monterey to spend several days on the Peninsula. One was Ferdinand Hansen, in California for the first time to buy Sacramento river caviar; and the other was his friend, Thomas Balthasar Ingwersen, who lived with his family on their large estate in the northern part of Germany in Schleswig-Holstein, and who was making his first visit to the United States.

This week, after half a century, the two men, now for many years American citizens, are back on the Peninsula together, and at Mr. Hansen's invitation, are celebrating their return to this locality. Ferdinand Hansen and his wife and daughter, Miss Morella, as has already been stated in a recent interview in The Pine Cone, are spending several weeks in Carmel after their return to

the United States from a trip around the world. The Ingwersen's visit here furnished the climax to the following interesting tale:

After young Th. B. Ingwersen had returned to his native Schleswig-Holstein and, as befitted the scion of the old and respected family of Ingwersen, had again taken up his task of helping his father run his large cattle ranch and estates there, he found his thoughts returning often to the United States. He would often dream of returning someday and making his home there. But he said nothing and was seemingly content until his father died and made him heir to the Ingwersen estate. Then young Thomas sold his inheritance and with his mother, wife, and their several children moved to the United States. First he was a banker in Iowa, then he tried farming in Missouri, but the weather there did not meet with his approval, and remembering the excellent climate of California, he came here, settled in Petaluma and became engaged in the chicken business. Eventually one of his daughters married Ralph Rorden, son of the original chicken king, and so Mr. Ingwersen was blessed with a chicken king as a member of the family and the Romanoff caviar

king, Ferdinand Hansen, as a friend. Which brings us back to the aforementioned sturgeon-egg monarch, who came to visit the Ingwersens in Petaluma about the time of the marriage of their daughter. Upon meeting the mother of the bridegroom, Mr. Hansen recognized her as being the young woman who had been bridesmaid many years ago at the wedding of Th. B. Ingwersen in Bredstedt in far-off Schleswig-Holstein, Nov. 18, 1891. At that time he had exchanged pictures with her and they had corresponded several times, but he had neither seen nor heard of her until he met her again in Petaluma, Calif., as a grandmother.

While Mr. Ingwersen was in Carmel, we talked with him and learned that Petaluma has a very excellent climate with practically no difference between winter and summer, and that his son-in-law, Ralph Rorden, who with his wife and son also visited the Hansens in Carmel this week, and who has taken over his famous fathers chicken business, has chickens who produce one million and a half eggs annually. Mr. Ingwersen, who is a direct descendant of Martin Luther, also told us about the method in which Schleswig-Holstein is reclaiming her old coast land

taken from her in past centuries by the rampages of the North Sea and the current rushing out of the English channel. The famous rock island Helgoland, still a part of the mainland of Schleswig-Holstein in 700 A. D. was formed in this way. Situated as it is in front of the mouth of the Elbe river, it controls the German trade overseas, and was traded by the British government to the German government for the island of Zanzibar on the coast of East Africa about 50 years ago. Under the English rule, the island had free trade, and the inhabitants demanded to keep that right when coming under German rule. Now it is a marvelous resort, very popular because of the cheapness of articles on which no duty is paid. First "Lahnings" (groins) are built which stretch out into the sea and catch the sand brought in by the tides, then dikes are built between the "lahnings" to protect the areas filled in. These plots of reclaimed land are called "Kroogs", and as Mr. Ingwersen says, the soil is excellent and profitable pasturing of lean calves is being carried on in this land below sea level.

The Ingwersens left for their home on Thursday, but they found Carmel such an ideal place that they hope someday to be able to retire here. Mrs. Hansen and Morella

left this morning for Tucson, Ariz., where they will join Mr. and Mrs. Hansen's son Borah, who is in the Thomas School there. Ferdinand Hansen will leave Carmel and stay with his friend, Louis E. Kimball at the Kimball hotel in Monterey for several weeks, then he will join his family in New Mexico and spend the summer vacation there before the "traveling" Hansens begin journeying around the world again.

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Again!



SABU, the elephant boy, amazing star of Alexander Kordas miracle film "ELEPHANT BOY", now in its fourth engagement and 19th day at the Filmarte. Over 6000 persons have seen this film in Carmel. "King Solomon's Mines" which features Paul Robeson and Roland Young in the Sir Rider Haggard story, opens Monday for two days.

Feathered Friends Face Carmel's Future

They came into my garden, over the low wall, in a whirr of wings. It was the largest covey of quail that had ever invaded it, and it was evident that it had a purpose other than enjoyment of the shadowed quiet and insectivora diet of the shrubbery. With soft calls and flutings, the birds arranged themselves around an old quail cock, their leader. It was a 100 per cent attended meeting of the Ancient Order of Quail of Carmel.

The father of the flock addressed them. "You have been called from far and near," he said, from Vista on the north to Santa Lucia on the south, to take counsel in a dire emergency. We quail are facing the possibility of being overwhelmed, of having our land and feeding grounds taken from us, of being forced to fly into the mountains for safety."

There were flutterings of fear and the quick calls of distress from a tense audience of birds. The oracle went on:

"The invasion if it comes, will emanate from Monterey. Those of us who have been to Monterey admire it, although our sense of smell has been offended occasionally At Del Monte, we have found the food abundant, and the chef-gardener, we would call him over here—most attentive. But over the hill, the people have become state-minded, not like Carmel, which is a "state of mind". They are trying to induce thousands of people to come to the peninsula, build many great structures, usurp our feeding grounds and drive us into the hills."

"But this is a bird sanctuary by legislative decree", said a cock quail, wonderingly. "They cannot force us out."

"Carmel has been the village unique for years, but that must cease to be. Carmel's influence and its prestige will be lost. We cannot depend upon our human friends. We must expect to face a complete change of thought if this new idea wins out. To us will be left the mountain tops and the wild oats and weeds."

There was questioning and excited comments. Perhaps I had nodded, even dozed for a moment, for the whirr of many wings aroused me. The meeting had adjourned.

Classes to Continue

The free life drawing classes Tuesday and Thursday evenings, and the portrait classes Wednesday afternoons, will continue at Monterey High School during the Easter vacation.

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The Carmel Pine Cone

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIFORNIA
 ESTABLISHED, FEBRUARY 3, 1915

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A FRIENDLY COUNCIL

We see in the count of the ballots of Tuesday's municipal election a spirit of friendliness to the village we love, the town of our pride and hope, Carmel. It was a complete upset of the idea that our people had lost heart in the endeavor to save Carmel. By the largest vote in its history, by the most impressive majorities, it placed upon the council three friends of the old-time Carmel; a poet, a writer and our home-grown Gordie Campbell.

There was no doubting the voters' intentions. Two-thirds of the ballots went for the winners. In no instance was the contest close. And as the public showed so evidently that it stood for friendliness for the village, so do the elected candidates announce their policy of working together with the incumbents, in openness and in harmony, a friendly council, with Carmel's good its objective.

As it stands now, with its new members, the council is almost an ideal one for Carmel. Clara Kellogg, experienced and sympathetic, ably represents that large feminine elements of our people. Everett Smith, with specialized knowledge of forest and trees, and with two years of the hard job of mayor, will continue his valuable services on the council. Herbert Heron and Fred Bechdolt, both old-timers, both knowledgeable of the requirements of the office, both builders of the Carmel that is, here at its beginnings, here with us yet, will swing easily into the stride of council work.

And Gordon Campbell, our young man; Sunset school graduate; close to the young people who are so important a part of Carmel life. He fills a niche which has been overlooked in the past. We will learn a lot of things about our town from this, its youngest councilman.

A friendly council, friendly to the will of the people, friendly to art and its ideals, friendly to the distinction and character that have built the town, and friendly to each other of the council membership. May it have a happy and harmonious four years.

WORTHY OF SUPPORT

An institute of art and its related crafts at Carmel is a "natural". It fits in perfectly. It has the pull that brings success. Half of its advertising has been done for it by the advertising given Carmel. It has around it the natural scenery that gives art opportunity. It has nationally known artists who can instruct, criticize or lecture.

Almost a quarter of a century ago, Carmel through its Club of Arts and Crafts, went into the summer school of art in a big way. It brought William Chase from the East, world famous artist, a wonderful teacher. Had it not been that Carmel, then, could not house the art students who wanted to join Chase's classes, an institute might have resulted from that beginning.

Now, even in the height of the summer season, Carmel can take care of a hundred or more students without undue packing or too high charges. As an all-year-round proposition, it will add to the village distinction, as well as to the benefit of its merchants in new business. The Carmel Art Institute should have our approval and support.

THAT CRUEL INTERIM

The optimistic eyes with which our merchants are viewing the attempted removal of the state capital to Monterey will, we are afraid, grow sad and tired should it be accomplished. No one is more heartily in favor of the Monterey peninsula merchants making more money than is The Carmel Pine Cone. For almost a quarter of a century, ever since its first issue

EASTER

*The greatest day of all the year
 Save that when Christ was born,
 Reviving hope in souls of fear,
 And souls by trouble worn.*

*When bloom and blade arise again
 And life returns to sing,
 He cools green carpets with the rain
 And wakes a world to spring.*

*Is this a time for mortal hate,
 A time to war for gain,
 A time to overthrow a state
 And spill man's blood in vain?*

*In pond or field what rhythm blends
 Where blossoms kiss the breeze;
 This spring revival never ends
 Like man's absurdities.*

*Life wakes anew with hope and cheer
 To greet a holy morn,
 The greatest one of all the year
 Save that when Christ was born.*
 —BEN PHILLIPS.

EASTER HYMN

*Alleluahs fill the air
 Flowers blossom everywhere,
 Christ is risen, this is why
 So glory be to God on high.*

*Christ is risen; angels sing,
 Sin and sorrow taken wing,
 Joy and gladness strew the way
 Of this blessed Easter Day.*

*Love and kindness came to earth
 With our gentle Saviour's birth
 And may we with one accord
 Greet and praise our risen Lord.*
 —ELIZA V. COCKBURN.

THE MIRACLE of SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO

*There is a miracle my spirit follows
 Where mission bells peal clearly as they swing
 The miracle of swift returning swallows
 To San Juan Capistrano in the spring.
 Each March upon a cool recurrent morning
 They come to rest upon the cloistered sills:
 The same October evening, with no warning,
 They disappear beyond the curving hills.
 As certain as the universal forces
 That shall sustain the earth when we are gone
 And keep the stars upon their fiery courses
 Is this return of swallows to San Juan;
 As certain as the tides that draw the sea,
 As certain as my love, beloved, for thee.*

—MARIE D'AUTREMONT GERRY.

ON THE ROAD TO MONTEREY

*Pines on the sloping hillside
 deep-green against the sky,
 filling all the balmy air
 with their spicy fragrance,
 lift the soul out of chaos
 into peaceful serenity.*

—CLARE PERCY WESTPHAL.

in 1915, it has worked to build a prosperous community here, and there can be no question of its success. The rapid growth of the town, its stability during the long term of general depression, its quick come-back, have proved that the methods used by the Pine Cone to develop a village of character and distinction have resulted in advantage to the merchants of the peninsula.

People who opened little businesses here, some of them taking reduced incomes to live among pleasant surroundings, have found themselves serving a steadily growing community. Other merchants of the readjustment era following the depression, are inclined to see in this capital removal an opportunity to cash in. To both classes, the Pine Cone advises cautious study of the situation.

November 8th next will mark the decision of the people of the state upon capital removal. If it wins through, that fact will be known next morning. There will follow a long interlude, probably till the spring of 1941, before a start can be made upon the actual removal; more than two years.

What will happen during that interval to peninsula merchants? All over California are businesses watching, hungry-eyed, for this sort of opportunity, little merchants and big business, ready to pounce upon the chance for permanent establishment at the state capital. Chain store organizations will lead the van, heavily capitalized to float them during the dull time. Already we know of a 5c-10c-15c chain saloon organization dickering for a prominent Ocean avenue location, soon to be vacated.

Into the peninsula will come the hungry stores, scurrying to get in on the ground-floor, sky-rocketing rents, lifting expenses, and dividing the business time and again. Each morning the merchant coming to his place of business will find a new competitor in the block. But the consuming public—where are they?

Waiting for the actual removal of the capital to Monterey. Those who have jobs must wait until their departments are organized in the new structures. The Governor's mansion must be shingled and plastered before he can move in. The legislature may convene at the capital in about 1944.

While Carmel's resident population fades away. Artists, writers, musicians, and those who followed them here because they, too, loved the quiet and simplicity that made it an ideal home, will take their shattered hopes elsewhere. It will be the end of an era.

THE OUTSIDE REACTION

Come now the "fan" letters from outside, approving Carmel's protest against the State Capitol removal to its entranceway. "I want to send you an orchid for your stand." "You should fight tooth and nail to save at least one place on the coast where we can find freedom from cheap politics, hot-dog stands and 'sun-tan' specials".

Another says, "Keep up the fight for the Carmel we dream of hopefully for our future home". From a big advertising agency in Los Angeles, "You may save Carmel from the politicians, but the advertising it is getting from your efforts is bound to build the town into a city."

Then there are editorials in several San Francisco dailies, and in many of the smaller newspapers about the state, all based upon a story in the Chronicle which made the Carmel protest much more zippy than it happened to be. Nobody said at the meeting, "We don't want this political egg laid on the doorstep of Carmel. Let Sacramento keep its politicians. They're nothing but a lot of riff-raff." In fact, what was said didn't sparkle with wit, had no egg in it, or a riff-raff epithet.

(Continued on page 13)

EDITORIALS (Continued)

(Continued from page 12)

There's no use chasing a denial to catch up with the erring statement; it never won that race. The fact is that people up and down the west coast are again thinking of Carmel pleasantly, are indulgent of its vagaries, are happy that it is still trying to ward off the bugaboo, Progress. It is fine to have approval, even though it comes from outside Carmel.

AS A YOUNG MAN SEES IT

By RANALD COCKBURN

Proponents of the movement to make Monterey California's state capitol have advanced the argument that something must be done to provide jobs for our children "growing up"; that after our children finish their schooling they have to move away from home and family to find work to do, there being nothing here for them. This argument was put forward last Friday night at the Carmel Business Association dinner meeting.

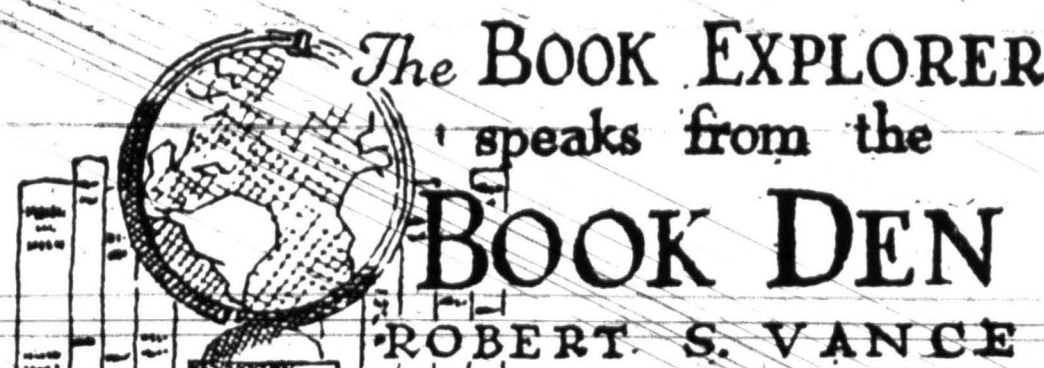
The writer was the youngest member of the directorate, perhaps the youngest man at the gathering. Handicapped a bit by the shyness of youth, he did not answer the argument fully. But he knew that our young people were not forced to go elsewhere for jobs in the ratio of most small towns on the coast or throughout the country. He knew that for generations, the little towns had fed their youth into the big

cities everywhere, and that the problem of finding home jobs for the graduating classes at high schools and colleges was universal, not local.

He looked about him. A young attorney, just through college, practising now in his father's office, had just run for office as Carmel councilman. Carmel's city attorney was young and fresh from college. The gracious host of the dinner, John Jordan, had his son as assistant manager. There were young men and women in our banks, our real estate offices, in the grocery stores and restaurants, everywhere; young folk who had grown up in Carmel and had not been forced to run away elsewhere for work.

The writer began making a list of the young people on jobs in Carmel. It was a surprise to him, as the number will be to you as you read the list in another part of this Pine Cone. Not all are employees; a number own and operate their businesses. Instead of needing a state capital to furnish jobs, Carmel now presents a wonderful opportunity for young people.

And Carmel attracts them. For years students of colleges and institutes have week-ended and vacationed in Carmel, and enjoyed it. So do our home-grown youngsters. They want to stay here and make a place for themselves, not become one small cog in the swift revolving machinery in the city. Here, in a few years, they can attain what their parents spent their lives to do—make enough money to live in Carmel. (See page 3 for list).



Some time ago Anne Fisher wrote a book called "Live With a Man and Love It." It met with instant success, as sales records of various book stores and book departments will testify. In that book there was a chapter that devoted itself to the nagging wife and the response from men was terrific. So great was the response that Anne Fisher busied herself with writing a similar "handbook" for men. Her "advice to men" appears between covers with the title, "Brides Are Like New Shoes". In sugar-coated doses she spoons out medicinal advice to the man about to choose a mate. She classifies and catalogues her own sex into such easily recognized pigeon-holes that it is at once apparent that the man who chooses a wife unwisely is a nincompoop.

In spite of her light treatment of her subject, there is a great deal in what she says. Anne Fisher knows women, and better, she knows a whole lot about men. She has a great deal to say about the more obvious difficulties that arise in the average marriage, but, more important, she has something to say about the

less tangible aspects that follow. For example, she goes into such tiny (but oh, how important) details, like fixing the kitchen faucet, picking up your pajamas and cleaning out your closet. These seemingly "dinky" things, the writer claims, are quite as important as many major factors are in maintaining a happy home.

As I said, Anne Fisher knows her own sex, and she catalogues them rather nicely, showing up their little foibles in scornful manner. But she has even more scorn for the man who is trapped by such wiles as she lists. However, womanlike and kindly, she provides an antidote for each male who has been ensnared by feminine wiles, and she shows the poor victim just what to do.

Sprightly and amusing though it is, "Brides Are Like New Shoes" is nevertheless informative and a handy guide to the bachelor about to stray. Like "Live With a Man and Love It", this slender but highly packed volume is illustrated by O. Soglow, and that alone is quite a recommendation.

Brides Are Like New Shoes, by Anne Fisher. Dodd, Mead & Company. Price \$1.50.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

The Mountain Play, founded 25 years ago, by John C. Catlin, Carmel attorney, Garnet Holme, playwright and actor of Carmel and San Francisco, and R. F. O'Rourke, of San Francisco, will this year celebrate its silver jubilee, with a performance of "Tamalpa."

The play is a legendary fantasy, written by Dan Totheroh, especially for the mountain theater and first produced in 1921.

Reginald Travers is directing and the date of the current production of this unique out-of-door spectacle is set for Sunday, May 22.

Scene of the play, which takes place for a single performance only, one Sunday of each May, is a natural amphitheater on the slopes of Mt. Tamalpais, Marin county. The three friends who founded the Mountain Play were hiking over the mountain trails when they happened upon the natural amphitheater and discovered its remarkable acoustics.

In one of those true tales that he makes more romantic than fiction, Fred Bechdolt has told for the Saturday Evening Post the story of the Rio Tinto copper strike, down in Nevada, under the title, "Treasure Hunt". It is the exciting yarn of a prospector who picked up a bit of brown rock that had been kicked from a badger's hole, a piece of rock that wouldn't assay ten cents to the ton, out on the desert where one couldn't get to it if it had been worth mining, and merely a poor joke to the engineers of the big copper mines.

But the prospector, Fred Hunt, stayed by his find, believed in it, gambled his time and crippled energies on it for 11 years, did his own assessment work, organized a company to develop it, and finally opened up one of America's greatest copper finds. A city now stands where it was desert before, built by the Anaconda Copper Company which owns the mine. Owns all of it except what Fred Hunt held on to, wouldn't sell. It made him a millionaire and better. He lives in a hospital room at Salt Lake.

Volume I, Number 1 of "Monterey Peninsula Display", a monthly publication of pictures of things and happenings hereabouts, comes in attractive form from the press of W. T. Lee Company, Monterey. An inter-

esting feature is Louis Slevin's photographs of curiosities; a cigarstore Indian, the old-fashioned cruet stand, and a block of sulphur matches.

Edith Heron, formerly a Monterey peninsula artist and a frequent exhibitor in Carmel, goes to Washington, D. C., and the biennial convention of the National Penwomen, April 23 to 28, as a delegate from the San Francisco branch. One of the convention events will be a tea at the White House, with Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, a pen woman from New York, as hostess.

Miss Heron plans to go on to New York after the convention and to paint in the East and on the way back to San Francisco. At Cleveland last year, Miss Heron's "Old Tom", a Monterey wharf scene, took first national award in water color at the National League of American Penwomen's show.

Once in a while Kelly Clark comes forth with an idea that is very much worth while. While walking down Ocean avenue with one large police dog in tow (or towing), he held forth thus:

Why not, he asked, let the dogs of the peninsula vote their own fates, and if they must meet a fate, why shouldn't they be judged by other dogs. Kelly advocates giving with each dog license, a membership in the Humane Society, with each member given a voice in the government of that body. He adds that the dog members may vote by proxy through their masters and mistresses. He waxes sociological and adds that for years man's inalienable rights have included a voice in the government and the right to be judged by a jury of his peers.

He concluded, as his police dog pulled him toward home and dog food, that there is no reason why we should not grant dogs, who are after all, the interested parties in the present business, the same rights that we enjoy.

There lives in Carmel a young artist who decided at 11 years of age what his vocation should be and has never wavered in that decision. This fortunate fellow, owing his fortune to an unflinching persistence and energy, is Harry Perkins, erstwhile of New York City, where most of his

school days were spent. And what he has chosen to do is the making of masks. He says frankly that he does not see in it a field for the making of big money. It is the work itself that fascinates him.

Harry became the devotee of Benda, famous masque-maker, as a child and without any inhibitions set forth on his first attempt. At the Boys High School in Brooklyn he was given every encouragement in the development of his ambitions. At 14 years he was already receiving a first prize in art. It was a proud day when he received at the hands of Tony Sarg the New York board of education St. Gauden's medal.

Upon leaving school he was assigned the work of filling two niches still remaining in its mural decorations. For these he carved figures in wood. At this time he was offered a scholarship at Pratt's Institute, but this he declined.

He became a Boy Scout early and has a large appreciation for its program from which he acknowledges receiving many and varying benefits. The scout group to which he belonged put on at Madison Square Garden a show, featuring Iriquois medicine dances. They played to packed houses for three nights. For this production he made Indian masks and costumes and became interested to such an extent that he can now show a large number of masks of various tribes and differing headgears and is working toward a complete set, which will eventually be equipped with real feather and bead decorations. The assistant scoutmaster under whom he worked was Indian commissioner of New York City and proved a great inspiration to him. Harry is one of our scoutmasters here in Carmel and actually puzzles over the lack of constructive interest and inventiveness of many of the boys.

Beside making masks extremely well, Perkins as a boy enjoyed the fun of them. He tells of making one of himself with the appearance of death, taking advantage of the absence of his parents one night, placing the mask in bed where his head should have been, hiding in the closet and not emerging until he had gotten the full benefit of his parents' horror. That was great. He remembers too, the story of Benda's strolling through New York streets wearing an odd-looking mask of his own

making, which proved a perfect disguise but, to all appearances, was not recognized as a mask.

Perkins sees possibilities of using masks much more generally in interior decoration. He thinks with the development of the idea a great deal can be done in period houses. In fact he has a plan on foot at present that seems to be promising and, whether it is fulfilled or not, has a strong hold on his interest. He has untold sources of energy, seems to have the gift of "living 24 hours a day". More power to him.

He has worked out a method in the construction of his masks, slightly differing from others in use and is still at work on the problem. First of all he models the face in clay and on this makes the form of the mask. Having modelled faces and heads now almost uninterruptedly over a period of ten years, he has arrived at considerable strength in his work, and has a very fair grasp of physiognomy. He is attending a life class at evening school at the present time. During the day he earns his living at the somewhat less absorbing task of house-painting and decoration. And at whatever he does he finds some new ideas to help in his ultimate aim.

Dog Island, the term playfully applied to the district atop the Monterey Hill just west of the Presidio, is rapidly becoming an art colony of significant proportions.

Bruce and Jean Ariss, Barbara Stevenson and Elwood Graham have lived there for some time, and now Amille Waldo, Henry Dickenson and Bill Kneass are threatening to build houses nearby.

Roy Zoellen, Pacific Grove sculptor, is also considering becoming a Dog Islandite.

The name is somewhat baffling—certainly there is nothing particularly insular about the place, and there are no more dogs there than elsewhere on the Peninsula.

Word comes to The Pine Cone that Michael D. Aisenstein and his wife, Tamara Antonia, were arrested by officials of the Russian government.

Both are former residents of Carmel, having sold the house they occupied to Lincoln Steffens and Ella Winters.

They left Carmel after selling their home, and became Russian citizens. This is the first word heard of them since they left.

A candidate for election to a city council didn't like an editor's statement, called on the editor and emphatically expressed himself. The latter, young at the game, listened attentively until the candidate was leaving, then he asked him to come back for a minute. "What is it," says Mr. Candidate. "Just this", answers Mr. Youngatthegame, "A newspaper friend of mine told me a few days ago that to qualify as a full-fledged editor I must receive at least one black eye! Now Mr. Candidate, what about it; do I qualify?"

Smiles were exchanged and Mr. Candidate gently opened and pulled the door closed, departing with his walking cane tucked affectionately under his arm. No qualification.

Monterey Driver In Crash, Arrested

After a spectacular crash on the highway above Carmel which left residents of that district wondering as to the identity of the mysterious driver, Lester Hoover of Monterey was arrested for driving without an operator's license.

Police claim that it was his car which skidded, ran into a ditch then burned. Hoover, it is said, was taken into another car and driven from the scene of the wreck.

A check by state highway patrolmen of the charred license plates on the car led to the apprehension of Hoover.

MRS. WM. FRANCIS HALYARD SPEAKS IN SAN DIEGO

Mrs. William Francis Halyard, who is vacationing in San Diego, was guest speaker last week at the San Diego County Federation of Women's Clubs, junior membership luncheon meeting at University Club there. Mrs. Halyard, member of the Western Women's Club and prominent worker in California Club circles, spoke on "The International Question from a Woman's Viewpoint". She recently attended an international conclave of club women from all parts of the world, which was held at Mills College.

CONGRATULATES WINNERS

Ernest Aldrich, candidate for the council, expresses congratulations to the winners Tuesday, and his thanks to the friends who voted for him and worked to help his campaign.

About Carmel People
at Home and
Abroad

BITS 'O LOCAL COLOR

With a Note About the Town . . . by Doris Cook

Personals
Society
News

And still they come—Spring Vacationers!—Children let loose from school, mothers and fathers let loose from the burden of keeping said children in school, instructors let loose from the task of instructing said children of said parents in said school, and, as always at this time of year, exuberant college students indulging in their favorite form of sport—housepartying.

And, although they moan and groan over this preliminary influx of visitors before their summer deluge of summer tourists, Carmelites really grin and like this situation. Our village takes on a festive air, soda fountains, theaters and restaurants do a booming business, hotels and cottages are filled to capacity, and all in all everyone has the general impression that something is going on. Even our most habitual artist-hermits come furtively out of their burrows and perhaps envy the light-hearted vacationers who have nothing to do but play and surely envy such hermit-like artists.

In traditional white satin, attractive Miss Ruby Loving became the bride of Glen McIntire at an impressive wedding ceremony at Community church Sunday morning with Rev. Homer S. Bodley officiating. Miss Loving was attended by her two cousins, Miss Vera Burnett as maid of honor, and Miss Dorothy Machado of Oakland as bridesmaid. She was given in marriage by her brother, Lumsford Loving of Alameda. Mr.

McIntire's best man was Clarence Castro.

The bride is the niece of Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Layton, and is well known here, having attended Sunset school and having graduated from Monterey high school. The groom, the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. McEntire, has lived here for the past nine years and was a student at the local schools, also graduating from Monterey high school, he is now employed by the Greyhound Taxi Service.

Following the wedding, the young couple, with their friends and relatives adjourned to the home of the groom's parents on Ninth and Monte Verde where a reception was held. Then the bride and groom left for several days' honeymoon in the northern part of the state.

Out-of-town guests at the wedding included the bride's brother, Lumsford Loving and his wife from Alameda; her sister, Mrs. Edith Barnwell and Mrs. Barnwell's son, William of Oakland; her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. A. Machado and their daughter Donna of San Leandro; her uncle, A. W. Spears and his wife of San Leandro; her aunt, Mrs. F. Nelson of Minneapolis, Minn., and Mrs. G. Hocking and her son Earl of Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. McIntire plan to make their home in Carmel.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin C. Wade Jr. and their daughter, Miss Holly Wade of Berkeley are spending the week at their Carmel house on Third and

Monte Verde. They have been entertaining guests as is their usual custom during vacations here.

Madame Pirenne has experienced her first attack of poison oak. She is telling her friends that she found chlorox to be a speedy remedy.

Miss Marguerite Tickle returned to her Carmel Highlands home Tuesday after visiting for a short time with Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd W. Kiggins at their home in Fresno.

Misses Blanche O'Neil and Harriett Norman, frequent Carmel-comers, are spending this week in their cottage on Thirteenth and Carmelo. They make their home in Oakland.

Misses Sue Brownell, and Mary Campbell are spending their Easter vacation in Carmel. Miss Brownell is a student at the University of California and Miss Campbell is from Piedmont.

Misses Sally Ward and Florence Brown of San Francisco are spending this week in Carmel.

John Clague, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Clague, has been glimpsed around the streets in his uniform of a member of the training ship, California State. The ship is back to the United States after a five months cruise.

Mrs. William Stava is chaperoning her two daughters Margaret and Patricia and Misses Jane Jackson, Victoria Sandner, Patty Parrish, and Betsy Blanckenburg, all of Berkeley, for the Easter Week. They are staying at Spencer Lodge on Monte Verde.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Paton and their two children of Berkeley came to Carmel and the Peninsula for a vacation this week, but Mrs. Paton, at least, didn't enjoy her stay quite as much as she would have liked to for the reason that she lost her purse while she was here. There were a number of articles in the purse which she values highly, and naturally she would like to get it back.

Mrs. W. C. Whaley, an antique dealer of Helena, Mont., spent several days this week visiting with her old friend, Mrs. Thomas Hefling. The two enjoyed themselves talking antiques and viewing the old glass treasures in the What Not Shop which is run by Mrs. Hefling.

S. K. Ratcliffe, well known English journalist and critic, stopped for a day at Tor House on his way to San Francisco.

He will sail for Australia as special correspondent for the London Spectator.

Tennis was the order of the day at the novel party given on Sunday by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stanton of Pebble Beach. A mixed doubles tournament was held on the courts of the Monterey Peninsula Country Club in the morning, followed by a barbecue luncheon at the Stanton home. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Allen Griffin, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Winslow, Mrs. George Heffelfinger, Mr. Charles Chaplin and Mr. Tim Durant.

There was quantities of rice in the street in front of the Pine Cone office Monday morning. Although this institution could not be guilty of harboring a wedding party, investigation revealed the Alpine Inn, next door, was the setting on Sunday for a bridal luncheon for 15 guests and a bride and groom, hence the rice symbol on Dolores street. Mrs. B. Granger couldn't be certain, but she said she thought the newly-wedded couple was from Sacramento.

Miss Ida Bourn of San Francisco, frequent and well-known visitor to Carmel, will spend the week-end here at La Playa Hotel.

After a three-months visit at La Playa hotel, Gullian de Cordova and his ward, Miss Anna Nyren, will leave Carmel this week-end and will return to their home near Boston, Mass. Mr. Cordova's niece, Mrs. Fanny Sanbourne, who had been staying with them here, left two weeks ago for Boston. Mr. de Cordova, Miss Nyren, and Mrs. Sanbourne are well known in Carmel, having made many friends during their visit here.

Word comes from Moscow, Ida., of the marriage of Robert Jordan of Carmel and Elizabeth Goble of Meridian, both University of Idaho students, which took place in Moscow in February.

Mr. and Mrs. Keith Wilson, who were married last week in the Piedmont Community church, are honeymooning somewhere in Carmel this week. Mr. Wilson is an editor of a daily paper in Sonora.

Mr. Frank Heffelfinger of Minneapolis, who is making Del Monte Lodge his spring headquarters, gave his annual golf tournament and dinner party at the Cypress Point Club this week, inviting 30 friends to participate.

Mrs. Ben Hartsuck and her daughter, Miss Dorothy Hartsuck and Miss Mary Ivory, are spending the Easter vacation week in Carmel. Mrs. Hartsuck makes her home in Calistoga. Miss Hartsuck is a student at the College of Pacific, and Miss Ivory is from San Francisco.

Miss Jera Lamb, Jane and Betty Haskell, Myrle Sprague and Mary Ackroyd spent several days this week in Carmel Valley, camping by the Carmel river.

Tomorrow's the big day for the kiddies of the members of Mission Ranch Club because at that time they may participate in the long-awaited Easter egg hunt there. The event begins at 10:30 in the morning, the eggs are hidden indoors and out-of-doors, prizes will be given to the winners, and the members of the committee for arrangements include Mrs. Carl Burrows, Mrs. Betty Carr, and Mrs. Vivian Christensen.

Mrs. Clementine Catherwood and her daughter of San Francisco are visiting with Mrs. Francis Hudgins during Easter vacation.

Betsy Bosworth of Carmel, prominent member of the Mills College Bit and Spur Club, has been announced as one of the outstanding entrants in the seventh annual Mills College horse show, May 20 and 21 in the college arena.

LAST REMINDER!

EASTER Dinner Dance

MISSION RANCH CLUB
TOMORROW NIGHT
Saturday, April 16th
8:00 p. m.

Mission Ranch Club Orchestra
Members \$4 a couple
Non-members \$4.50 a couple
Phone 103 for Reservations
(Deposit Required)

CARMEL ART INSTITUTE

SEVEN ARTS BUILDING

ANNOUNCING

A Class in Oil Painting

under the direction of

ARMIN HANSEN, A. N. A.

Class Starts April the 19th

Classes in Water Color Painting, Life Drawing, Etching, Portrait Painting and the Various Crafts now being formed

KIT WHITMAN
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HOUSE OF CARDS

Dolores Street

Carmel

The Blue Bird Tea Room

and the

Normandy Inn

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HAPPY EASTER

MRS. M. C. SAMPSON — MRS. ELIZABETH SIERRA
Ocean Avenue Phone 909 or 161

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MEAT MARKET

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Telephone 57


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PINE CONE CLASSIFIED ADS PAY

WANT-ADS
LEGAL ADVERTISEMENT
**NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATRIX'S
SALE OF REAL PROPERTY
AT PRIVATE SALE**

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco

In the matter of the Estate of Rebecca Philippon, also known as Rebecca Philippon, deceased, No. 77577.

NOTICE is hereby given by Eda Philippon, administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of Rebecca Philippon, also known as Rebecca Philippon, deceased, that she will, as such administratrix, sell to the highest bidder, at private sale, and subject to the confirmation of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, all of the right, title, interest and estate of said Rebecca Philippon, alias, deceased, at the time of her death, and all of the right, title and interest that the estate of said Rebecca Philippon, alias, deceased, has, by operation of law or otherwise, acquired other than or in addition to that of the deceased at the time of her death, in and to all that certain parcel of real property, situate, lying and being in the County of Monterey, State of California, to-wit:

"Lot 4, in Block 259, and as delineated and designated on that certain map entitled 'Map of Pacific Grove Beach, City of Pacific Grove, Monterey County, California', surveyed by W. T. Moore, Licensed Surveyor, July 1916, and filed for record in the office of the County Recorder of the County of Monterey, on the seventh day of August, 1916, in Volume 3 of Cities and Towns, Page 6".

The said parcel of real property will be sold, and the said sale will be made on or after the 18th day of April, 1938; and offers or bids for said parcel of real property will be received at the office of Joseph J. Wolf, at No. 3464 Clay St., San Francisco, California, or may be delivered to the administratrix personally, or may be filed at the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of said sale.

Terms and Conditions of Sale: Cash in lawful money of the United States; 10% to be paid on the day of sale, the balance on confirmation of the sale by the said court. Dated: March 23, 1938.

EDA PHILIPPSON, Administratrix.
Joseph J. Wolf, 3464 Clay St., San Francisco, Calif.,
Attorney for Administratrix.
Publish: Apr. 1-8-15, 1938.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Monterey
No. 6237
NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Matter of the Estate of PATRICK H. HUDGINS, Deceased.
NOTICE is hereby given by the undersigned, Frances Turner Hudgins, as executrix of the last will and testament of Patrick H. Hudgins, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them, with the necessary vouchers, within six months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Monterey, or to present them, with the necessary vouchers, within six months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrix at the office of Shelburn Robinson, New Post Office Building, Carmel, California, which last named place the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with the estate of said decedent.

Dated: March 18, 1938.
FRANCES TURNER HUDGINS, MESSRS. ARGYLL CAMPBELL and SHELBUROB ROBINSON, Attorneys for Executrix.
Date of 1st pub: March 18, 1938.
Date of last pub: April 15, 1938.

Local Chess Club to Meet Salinas Team
Members of the Carmel Chess Club have been invited to meet the Salinas club in a tournament next Tuesday evening, according to John Barton, local president.
Good attendance is expected from both clubs.

BILL STANFORD STARS IN ABALONE LEAGUE PLAY
Modesty prevents Doc's telling about the showing made Sunday by Bill Stanford. Young Bill has qualified as one of the better players in the Abalone League.
He made four safe h's and demonstrated his ability as an outfielder with some spectacular catches.

For Rent

FOR RENT—Unfurnished, marine view house; 3 bedrooms. Central heat.

BETTY JEAN NEWELL
8th and Dolores St. Phone 303

APARTMENTS FOR RENT — The Monte Verde Apartments have all been completely renovated and are ready for occupancy. Their rent is reasonable and their location convenient. Phone 71 or call at Monte Verde Apartments, on Monte Verde St. Owner, Percy Parkes.

Miscellaneous

FOR SALE—Solid mahogany extension dining table; bargain; \$25. Box 76, Carmel. (15)

STRAWBERRY PLANTS — We still have a few thousand Ruby, best plants for the Carmel Valley and Monterey sections—\$1.75 per 100, \$10 pr 1000. Larger quantities special prices. Also Banners. Still available fruit trees and seed potatoes. H. A. HYDE CO., Watsonville.

**Real Estate Deals
In Carmel Recorded**

DEED: Charles Walker McClure et ux to Louie Steven Beck & Doris Hamby Beck, single women, jt. ten. Lots 12 & 14 & N½ of Lot 16, Blk. J, Add. 1, Carmel.

DEED: Paul A. Myers to Lloyd A. Myers. Lots 17-18-20-21, Blk. 153, Carmel Woods.

DEED: Della Brooks Walker & hus. to Alma-Brooks Walker, Und. ½ int. in Lot 9, Blk. 112, Carmel-by-the-Sea.

DEED: Francena E. Robinson to Nona Lindley Perkins. Lots 13-14-15, Blk. 167, La Loma Terrace Add., Carmel.

DEED: Harry J. Praeger et ux to Laura P. Grey, March 26. \$10. Sly 30 ft. of Lot 4, Blk. 135, Add. 2, Carmel.

DEED: William E. Mack et ux to Henry R. Kerner & Lillian Kerner, w.f., jt. ten. No date. \$10. Lot 10 & N½ of Lot 12, Blk. 18, Carmel City.

DEED: Edda Heath Pappel to Ralph A. Workman and Julia B. Workman, w.f., jt. ten. Mar. 16. Lot 24, Robles Del Rio Carmelo Subd. No. 1.

DEED: Del Monte Prop. Co. to Josephine Chandler. Mar. 7. \$10. Lot 10, Block 157, 1st Add. to Carmel Woods.

DEED: Lucie W. Johnston to Burleigh H. Murray, and Nannette Murray, w.f., jt. ten. Mar. 24. \$10. Lots 29 & 31, Blk. KK, Add. 3, Carmel.

DEED: Del Monte Prop. Co. to Michael D. O'Connell. Lot 16 & SE¼ of Lot 18, 1st Add. to Carmel Woods.

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Opposite Pine Cone Office

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12

J. FRANK DEVENDORF
Founder

Real Estate

FOR SALE—Perfect building site at the southwest corner of Dolores and Eighth. Close in, yet with beautiful view and reasonably priced. See THOBURNS, across from the library or Carmel Realty.

CHOICE LISTINGS of attractive furnished cottages for the summer season. Furnished cottages for sale \$3250 up.

GLADYS KINGSLAND DIXON
Phone 940 Ocean Avenue

WOULD YOU rather have \$2000 than your Carmel cottage? Describe your property, and address Box G. E., Pine Cone, Carmel. (17)

\$3250 BARGAIN—located in fine section on Camino Real—an older house needing to be fixed up—excellent rental income proposition or vacation house; close to beach. See CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Ocean Avenue. Phone 66.

2 LOTS, 80 ACRES—Corner, both for \$1500; also an inside lot, 40x100 for \$1000; just 3 blocks to post office. CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Ocean Avenue, phone 66.

FOR SALE—2 lots with a 2-bedroom house—in business zone, at a bargain.

BETTY JEAN NEWELL
8th and Dolores Telephone 303

Help Wanted

WANTED — Laundress to do fancy work. Please call Carmel 1129. (15)

WANTED—Man for Rawleigh route. Route will be permanent if you are a hustler. For particulars write Rawleigh's, Dept. CAD-67-103, Oakland, Calif.

Lost and Found

LOST—A black mackinaw, name H. R. Boynton in neck. Lost between Lincoln & San Carlos. Finder please phone 729 or write box 1462. (15)

LOST—Red knit belt with wooden buckle. Finder please return to Carmel Pine Cone. (15)


**Christian Science
Services**

First Church of Christ, Scientist, Carmel

Monte Verde Street, one block North of Ocean Avenue, between Fifth and Sixth
Sunday School 9:30 a. m.
Sunday Service 11 a. m.
Wednesday Evening Meeting 8 p. m.

Reading Room
Ocean Avenue, near Monte Verde
Open Week Days 11 a. m. to 5 p. m.
Open Every Evening Except Wednesdays and Sundays, 7 to 9
Holidays, 1 to 5 p. m.
Public Cordially Invited

**All Saints Church
Protestant Episcopal**

"A House of Prayer for All People"
Monte Verde Street
South of Ocean Avenue

Rev. C. J. Hulsewé

SUNDAY SERVICES

8 a. m. Holy Communion
9:30 a. m. Church School
11 a. m. Morning Prayer and sermon

Houses Wanted

WANTED TO RENT—Small furnished house, reasonable rent. P. O. Box 465, Carmel. (15)

Situations Wanted

SITUATION WANTED — Experienced care taker. I am 60 and able to work handy with tools used to live alone. Godfrey Ebel, 1635 Pierce St., San Francisco, Cal. (16)



This is the
STORY of
Thomas McBly

Whose lease just expired the first of July.



These are his shoes (just picture his feet)

The result of six weeks of pounding the street



Hunting a home at six hundred a year,
Here's what he found—and isn't it queer?



He almost bought this in sheer desperation,
It really belongs on a Sioux reservation.



Poor Thomas just didn't know which way to turn

Till a friend told him "Tom, there are values to burn

In the Classified section!"
So Tom took the steer,
And here he is set for a comfortable year!

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PEBBLE BEACH STABLES offer delightful trails, smartly turned out horses, competent instruction.

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VAGABOND VOYAGEby Fern Hyde

Here is an interesting letter from Carmel's Fern Hyde, hitting the high spots of her vagabonding in foreign parts:

Madeira, March 1.

Dear Friends:

After stalking all the writing rooms—I found them so occupied—that I slunk back to my own quarters and with the newly sharpened stubs of three pencils, because I've never owned a fountain pen that would stay filled—I'll get off to you this chapter of my trip so far.

I forget where I left off in my last—was it Willemstadt?—I remember trying to spell that word before and always I was wrong until I studied it from a folder—just like Madeira, I knew it had an "l"—so I put it in—mostly in the wrong places.

Just in case I did not give you my impression of that beautiful city—which I instantly named "Spotless Town"—and which I found out later is the original "Spotless Town" of the Stories or Jingles or whatever it is the original of. Like all the other places—it is a walled city of narrow winding cobblestone streets—many of them but 15 feet wide. It is the one place where there are no beggars, no starving dogs, flies or smells.

It is very Dutch, being Dutch West. It is very Dutch—very thriving—a population of 25,000—and the capital of Curacao (pronounced cura-sow) like a she pig. Its wealth comes from its oil refineries and there are several very large ones—I believe they refine most of the oil from the fields at Venezuela, just 38 miles away.

Then we next stopped at La Sucre, a small port which was Spanish, small adobe or plastered or thatched huts and very squalid. We motored 15 miles through typical Arizona

desert country to Barcelona, a very old town and quite lovely. The natives here could be very prosperous, but they are satisfied to let all the world work their oil fields and gold mines. We took on quite a cargo of gold from here—with no police patrol or protection of any kind that I could see. The country is very fertile in places and will grow anything, but the natives don't care. I believe copper and silver also are mined here very extensively.

Then on Feb. 11 we went into Port au Spain; a tender took us into the city. It is very lovely, and very English. It is the capital of Trinidad. We lost many of our passengers here, some come down nearly every winter from the States and Canada.

Oh yes, it was here we took on an Englishman named Pete Davey, going home for his yearly vacation. I was yodeling something about Carmel. He said, "I have friends here in Venezuela from there." My old bean was clicking for I said right away—"Then it must be the Schrappe". "Righto", says he, "Paul and I work for the same gold mining company". He also knows our cute little Paula.

From Trinidad on South we met many Hindoos. I am told that down here the Hindoo has made a fine place and name for himself. They have several beautiful temples and own many of the bazaars. The High Caste Hindoo is without question very charming and intelligent, also very honest as long as he is treated honestly and courteously. For instance one of our party went into a Hindoo bazaar to buy some small articles and amongst them some batiks were wanted. The Hindoo said, "Yes I have some, but they were made in Japan. Over at 'The Home Industry Bazaar' you will find real ones!" It was a small thing but quite typical. One of the men from our boat took a picture I am dying to get a chance at on my return. I'm not sure that it was in Port au Spain, perhaps it was in Parimaribo a few days later. Out on the sidewalk one Hindoo was shaving another, both squatting and a group of squatters looking on—not a drop of lather on the victim's face. I say "victim" because when a hair didn't give in and let itself be cut off, it got yanked out. The biggest shears I ever laid eyes on was the only implement.

From Trinidad we went to Demarari. We had to lay off shore until the 3:00 a. m. tide came in by the very muddy and unwholesome looking Demarari river. Here we tarried for cargo until the afternoon tide which took us up the river somewhere to the sugar plantations. And again on the tide at 3 a. m. we put out to sea with a cargo of 18,000 tons of sugar. The next day we came to Parimaribo, our last stop in South America and 18 passengers left us here to return to America by the next Dutch boat—the Stuyvesant. Here too we went into port in a muddy stream. This place is Dutch and very very interesting, but I'm not sure I'd like to stay here. It's so clean that it looks freshly washed and swept all over. I loved the picturesque black mammals here. Such a lot of stiffly starched and voluminous skirts and petticoats—all carrying great loads on their heads. Their headdress reminds me of the good old "Aunt Jemima" bandana—only it is also starched very stiffly and at the nape of the neck seems to be rolled over a stick—for it makes sort of a wide three-cornered effect.

Eleven days later—after very heavy rolling seas (was I glad of that big cargo of gold and sugar) we came into beautiful Madeira.

It was raining when we came, so we missed its colorful startling beauty from the boat. I call this the "Picture Book Town". Every single house is of stone plastered over in pink or blue, tan or white, with red tiled roofs. The bullock carts were at the pier to meet us, but due to the rain we took cars. Our hotel is exquisitely situated on a hill top, with five tiers of gardens, piazzas, pagodas, bar, tea room, and dressing rooms down to

the pool and beach. The beach is by no means Carmel Beach—this one is very rocky. This is the same narrow walled city as all the rest and it has finally struck me—in not one place have I seen a playground for children. I don't know where they play if they haven't grounds back of their walled in homes. That hardly seems possible as every inch of ground is cultivated. I know now why the Portuguese are such fine farmers.

We have had two drives over the hills and every inch of tillable land is under cultivation, not a plow on the island as far as I can see, or a span of work horses.

The mountain roads are interesting, for there are miles upon miles of stone-paved roads, they are small rounded shiny stones and the outer rim of the road, all the way, has retaining walls at least two to three feet high, made of stone and plaster, and are wide enough that one sees the barefoot natives walking along them. To me this is quite an engineering feat, for the curves are beautifully sauced and at places fills over 200 feet deep have been made of these same small stones. I don't suppose a thing was used but bullock and man power, for the roads are old.

The hillsides are dotted with gardens, not sloped, but each one built up level with stone sides. My yard at home would make at least 12 of these plots. Sugar cane seems to be the only big crop, the rest are garden vegetables. No matter how poor the farm, even if the farmer has nothing in it, he has a plastered house with a red tiled roof. A very very few of the thatched roofs are in evidence and they are different from any I've ever seen. They look like rows and rows of "ruching". I'm about to go ga ga over the embroideries here. I've bought pure linen sheets and pillow cases marvelously done for \$4.00 a set. That is two slips embroidered the whole way round—and one sheet with the turn

back embroidered at least 16 inches deep, exquisite handkerchiefs for \$2.00 for six. Today I bought card table lunch cloths for \$1.00 or \$1.60 for a cloth and four serviettes—think of it!

Thursday we sail again on the S. S. Cottica for South American and home. Expect to arrive in New York about April 3. Six of us who sailed from New York are here together and it's been most delightful. Madeira is very like Southern California in climate and vegetation, except we think the oranges can't touch American ones, and the apples are mealy. The bananas are not as good as the ones we got in South America, but all in all it's delightful. We are the only Americans at the hotel at present. It's alive with English, though. The priest in our party asked if they get many Americans here: "Oh, yes," was the reply, "We had one about two months ago." So the "vulgar Americans" are being eyed at a safe distance by most of the British cousins. A few have unbent and been very friendly; of course I had my share in their unbending.

READ THE WANT ADS

BRIDES ARE LIKE NEW SHOES

by ANNE FISHER

(Author of 'Live With a Man and Love It')

Illustrated by O. Soglow

—A wealth of common sense, plus a keen sense of humor.

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There Is a Reason...

When purchasing and having installed, Plumbing or Heating Systems, if the price is unusually low—below that which might reasonably be expected, find out the reason!

It may be a legitimate sale wherein the dealer actually sacrifices profit—or it may be a case of inferior quality.

—If it is the latter, you should know it—and be prepared to accept the additional service costs that are usual from time to time with inferior merchandise, workmanship, etc. . . You should recognize the fact that there will be less satisfaction; that actually you will sacrifice Value and pay more in the long run.

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